

EASTER EVE.

As for Thee also, by the blood of Thy covenant I have sent forth Thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.—*Zechariah ix. 11.*

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in Thy darksome bed ;

All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone
Thy sacred form is gone ;

Around those lips where power and mercy hung,
The dews of death have clung ;

The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,
Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

Sleep'st Thou indeed ? or is Thy spirit fled,
At large among the dead ?

Whether in Eden bowers Thy welcome voice

Wake Abraham to rejoice,
Or in some drearier scene Thine eye controls

The thronging band of souls ;
That, as Thy blood won earth, Thine agony
Might set the shadowy realm from sin and sorrow free.

Where'er Thou roam'st, one happy soul, we know
Seen at Thy side in woe,*

Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the blest
With Him and Thee shall rest.

Each on his cross, by Thee we hang awhile,
Watching Thy patient smile.

Till we have learn'd to say, " 'Tis justly done,
Only in glory, Lord, Thy sinful servant own.

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil bower
To rest one little hour,

Till Thine elect are number'd, and the grave
Call Thee to come and save :

Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend,
Again with earth to blend,

Earth all refined with bright supernal fires,
Tinctured with holy blood, and wing'd with pure desires.

Meanwhile with every son and saint of Thine

Along the glorious line,
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet

We'll hold communion sweet,
Know them by look and voice, and thank them
all

For helping us in thrall,
For words of hope, and bright examples given
To show through moonless skies that there is
light in Heaven.

O come that day, when in this restless heart
Earth shall resign her part,

When in the grave with Thee my limbs shall
rest,

My soul with Thee be blest !
But stay, presumptuous—CHRIST with thee
abides

In the rock's dreary sides ;
He from the stone will wring celestial dew
If the prisoner's heart be faithful found and true.

When tears are spent, and thou art left alone

With ghosts of blessings gone,
Think thou art taken from the cross, and laid
In JESUS' burial shade ;

Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer, and call
Out of the rocky wall

The fount of holy blood ; and lift on high
Thy grovelling soul that feels so desolate and
dry.

Prisoner of Hope thou art!—look up and sing

In hope of promised spring.
As in the pit his father's darling lay†

Beside the desert way,
And knew not how, but knew his God would
save

Even from that living grave.
So, buried with our LORD, we'll close our eyes
To the decaying world, till angels bid us rise.

*St. Luke xxiii. 43.

†Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of
hope.—*Zech. ix. 12.*

‡They took him, and cast him into a pit: and
the pit was empty, there was no water in it—
Genesis xxxvii. 21.

THE CAREER OPEN TO TALENT.

You there, you few there, you small exclusive
crew there,

Fly there, you fry there, engrossing place and
pay ;

Birth there, and dearth there of all but money
worth there,

Get there, you set there, get out of Merit's
way.

Dunces and drones and dolts of high connection,
Blockheads of rank, the course to office clear ;

Patronage must be changed for fair selection :
Now then, to Talent open the career !

Station, the nation, for any situation,
Needs not and heeds not ; we want the man
of skill,

Able, and stable, and trusty as a cable,
Fit for, with wit for, the post he has to fill.

Have him we must, and must, that we may gain
him,

Give equal chance to peasant as to peer ;

That is the only method to obtain him :
Therefore to Talent open the career !

New blood for true blood ; that is how to view
" blood,"

Glowing and flowing alike in human veins.

Why, " blood ?" and " high blood ?" — a
booby may supply " blood."

Not that !—we've got that—the thing we want
is brains.

He who the first in Honor's walk advances,

Him we will honor, him will we revere ;

England, thy plan must be the same as France's :
England, to Talent open the career !

Meet then, compete then, call Wisdom from the street then,

Choose not, refuse not, except for good and use;

Ply them and try them; a fair field don't deny them;

Mate them, and rate them, discerning swan from goose.

Fly all the flock on common terms together,

Which goes a-head will very soon appear;

Judge not the bird according to the feather:

Freely to Talent open the career!

Ever the cleyer, unswerving in endeavor,

Blinking and sinking the blazon and the crest;

Nothing, promoting; a truth is this for quoting;

Surely securely, we seek to get the Best.

Who could devise a more aristocratic

Scheme, than the line that's recommended here,

Perfect, consistent, sound and systematic?

So then, to Talent open the career!—*Punch*.

From the Examiner.

TWO SONNETS.

ON HEARING THAT THE NEWS OF THE CZAR'S DEATH WAS APPLAUDED IN A THEATRE.

Shame to the heart, that beats with rude delight

And throbs not rather with a pious awe,

When God sees fit a tyrant to withdraw

From this strange world! The quenching of the light

Of any human soul—the spirit's flight

To regions, where the mortal eye, that saw

Its bodily deeds, perceives no more the law

Whereby it moveth in the Infinite—

Should beget reverence. Clap ye, then, your hands,

Oh fellow-men, as at a scenic show,

When 'tis proclaimed to your assembled bands

That Nicholas is dead?—Respect this blow

Of Heaven:—nor, till ye fear no restitution

On your own score, talk loud of retribution.

ON HEARING THE CZAR'S DEATH CALLED "A JUDGMENT FROM GOD."

Oh Death, thou refuge ev'n to happy men,

Call we thee, then, a judgment sent from God?

Usurp we so the balance and the rod

Of the all-loving Father, as that, when

One we have deem'd a scourge is from our ken

Hurried to realms by mortal feet untrod,

We should heap hell upon his festering sod—

Him—at the least—our fellow-denizen

Of earth? Be wiser! Rather learn to hate

Systems, than hands that wield them! Strive to see

Truths that soar high above event and fate.

So, undejected by calamity,

And with ignoble triumph unelate,

Through peace—through war—urge on the world to liberty!

T.

LULLABY.

BY THE NURSE OF JOHN RUSSEL, JUNR.

It had become a matter of fact that after the Noble Lord had been absent a fortnight prepara-

tions were made for the removal to Vienna of the whole of his family and establishment, including some very young children, *some of them so young, that I understand they are to travel so leisurely that they will occupy seven days in the journey.* It would appear from this that the Noble Lord contemplates a lengthened stay at Vienna.—*Speech of the Earl of Derby, (Times, March 10, 1855.)*

Baby, my dear, we're not going to be hurried,

We'll stop at each stage for our milk and our bun;

Baby's Papa won't have baby flurried

For all the old colonies under the sun.

If the naughty things riot and breed revolutions,
Baby shall quietly have out its nap;

While they look after Pa with their new Con-
stitutions,

Baby, dear Baby, shall mumble its pap.

Sweet pretty Poppet, their letters in batches

We'll drop in the Danube, the Rhine, or the Po;

Their great thick memorials and heavy de-
spatches

We'll make into dollies to dance as we go.

What matter their wants and impertinent bustle
If wind on its stomach should trouble its state—

If its gums should be teasing the little pet Rus-
sell

Who, thanks to "Lord William," was born to be great.

When he grows, if the measles don't spoil his condition,

As big as Papa, the dear Cockatoo,

He'll have such nice playthings, a nice pretty mission,

And lots of nice babies to go with him too.

So, baby, my darling, we're not to be hurried,

We'll stop at each stage for our milk and our bun;

Baby's Papa won't have Baby "worried"*

For all the old colonies under the sun.

* A Parliamentary expression of Baby's Papa.
Press.

TO LOVE.

Oh unconquerable Love!

All resistance far above,

Both lighting on the rich—the high,

And making couch wherein to lie,

On the soft cheek of the maid

Blooming in her youthful pride.

Beyond far distant seas ye roam,

And in the rural cottage-home:

Neither gods escape thy sway,

Nor men—the creatures of a day;

But each is madden'd from the hour

In which, O Love, he feels thy power!

A. J. SYMINGTON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

- 1.—*Correspondence respecting the Rights and Privileges of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed by Harrison & Son. 1854.
- 2.—*Secret Correspondence.* By Order. Harrison & Son. 1854.
- 3.—*Treaties. Turkey and Russia.* By Order. Harrison & Son. 1854.

THE most characteristic feature of the present struggle with Russia, that which distinguishes it from all former wars, is the openly avowed desire for peace by all the parties engaged. Russia was evidently not prepared to meet with serious resistance when she occupied the Principalities; Turkey declared war with the greatest reluctance; the French nation looked upon oriental affairs with indifference; the Emperor of France took them up only to consolidate his throne by an alliance with England, and eventually with the other European powers; and Lord Aberdeen mumbled "peace, peace," even when the first blood was already drawn. As to Austria and Prussia, they exerted themselves to the utmost not to drift into the whirlpool of war, and still the roaring of cannon burst once more upon the ears of Europe, and aroused her from the millenarian dreams of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Co. We begin to feel that the present struggle is one of those awful crises in the history of mankind, which cannot be put down by diplomatic notes, and by the tricks of politicians.

Looking on the present state of affairs from any point of view, the question cannot be repressed: What has been the cause, and what is to be the aim of the contest with Russia? And as the aim cannot be any other than the removal, or at least the neutralization of the cause, we see the politicians of our days frightened by the threatening extension of the struggle, representing the causes of the war as insignificant as possible. Mr. Macqueen, in the interest of Russia, and with a peculiar talent for special pleading, endeavors to persuade his readers, that it is altogether but a misunderstanding which led to the rupture; the Czar was induced to believe that his plans for the elevation of the condition of the Christians in the Turkish empire were fully appreciated by the English ministry, and that only a mistake, a misapprehension, or misrepresentation of the loyal intentions of the Emperor of Russia could have brought about hostilities.

The official "Blue Books" published before the official declaration of war, and purporting to give the history of the (cooked) transactions which preceded it, speak principally of

the squabbles of the Latin and Greek monks in Jerusalem about the sanctuaries of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the inscription of the silver star in the Chapel of the Nativity in Bethlehem.

In the secret correspondence of Sir Hamilton Seymour, published somewhat later, the privileges of the Greek and Latin church are not mentioned any longer, but a far greater stress is laid upon the attack of the Montenegro freebooters on the Turkish fortress Zabiak, and upon the summary retribution with which the robber-chief, Prince Danilo, was threatened by the Porte. The daily papers point to the insolence of Prince Menschikoff, not of his propositions,—since they were conceded by the Vienna note,—but of his manners, as to the real cause of the crisis. Next to the personal behavior of the prince, the obstructions of the navigation of the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and lately the unusually strong fortifications of Sebastopol, which made it a secure basis for any offensive move against Turkey, are complained of by politicians, who seem to forget that each of these causes is only a link of the chain by which Russia, with a perseverance unknown in Western Europe, tries to fetter the freedom and independence of the continent. But as soon as we take a higher view of the matter, and do not mistake the symptoms of the evil for the evil itself, we must come to the conclusion that the present crisis is the necessary and logical result of the omissions and shortcomings of European diplomacy for the last eighty years; it is emphatically a war of retribution, one of those instances by which the hand of Providence is unmistakably revealed to mankind, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children and children's children.

In our utilitarian age, engaged in the hard struggle of competition, we are apt to value peace above all, since it is the only condition by which our prosperity and our progress can be secured. We cannot wonder, therefore, that many noble-minded men, fully aware that war and destruction cannot be the aim of mankind, forget that the infraction of the moral law in the highest spheres of national existence will be as certainly visited as any transgression of the physical laws of nature. The neglect of the laws of health results in contagions, the violation of the civil or criminal laws of the country is punished by the courts of justice; but if nations forget that they are linked to all other nations by duties as well as by rights, if they isolate themselves and declare that they are not their brother's keeper, they have sooner or later to rue their selfishness and isolation, and by their very attempts to evade a struggle they involve themselves in wars the bearing of which cannot be at once ascertained, and which are prolonged

for years, until the moral wrongs are redressed, which had been perpetrated by selfish indolence and culpable connivance.

The first great infringement of the law of nations in the more recent history of Europe was perpetrated by the first division of Poland in 1773. England connived at this disgraceful transaction, which she might easily have prevented, since France, according to the testimony of Frederic II., King of Prussia, sought to form a Western alliance against this encroachment, whilst the Empress Maria Theresa only reluctantly gave her consent to it. The autograph letter to her minister, Prince Kaunitz, about the transaction, is still preserved in the Imperial Archives at Vienna. The letter is worth quoting:—she had grown old and weary, and her son Joseph conducted foreign affairs:—

When all my possessions, (says the Empress.) were attacked, and I did not know where I could safely give birth to my child, I put my trust in my good right and in the protection of God. But in the present matter, where it is not only the right which cries against us to heaven, but even equity and common sense turn against us, I must confess that I never felt in greater anxiety, and am ashamed to show myself. Think only, prince, what an example we give to the world when we jeopardize our honor and reputation for a miserable piece of Poland. I feel it that I am alone, and that I have lost my energies, and, therefore, I let matters go their own way, but not without the greatest regret.*

When she had to sign the draft of the constitution, she put to her name the words:—“*Placet*, because so many great and wise men wish it; but long after my death it will become apparent what comes from such a violation of all what until now has been held just and sacred.” But even then she did not surmise all the extent and fatal consequences of her act and deed. Writing an autograph letter to the Empress Catherine, she signed herself *your most affectionate sister, but, please God, never your neighbor*. With the feminine instinct wiser than the cunning of her former enemy, the so-called Frederic the Great, and of her philosophical son, Joseph II., she felt that the neighborhood of Russia implied the greatest dangers. She had a presentiment of the policy of the Czar’s which, according to the words of Sir John MacNeil, has almost been reduced to a regular formula as regards the means by which her acquisitions have been obtained. “It invariably commences with disorganization by means of corruption and secret agency pushed to the extent of disorder and civil contention. Next in order comes military occupation to restore tranquil-

lity, and in every instance the result has been protection, followed by incorporation.”* Indeed, the contact with Russia is fatal; as soon as a power becomes her neighbor it feels unwell, it becomes the dying man. The sultans of the Crimea, the chiefs of the Kabardas, the kings of Poland, of Imeritia, of Mingrelia, and of Georgia, they have all been extinguished by contact with the Czar. Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and Montenegro are already under the protection of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey was the next on the list, and likewise declared to be dying, whilst the other neighbors of the Czar, the Shah of Persia, the King of Denmark, with his Schlesvig-Holstein, and the treaty of May the 8th, 1852,—the Emperor of Austria, with his Galicia, Hungary, and Italy,—and the King of Prussia, with Posen, and the Radicalism of Konigsberg and the Rhine provinces, cannot be pronounced to be in good health,—all of them are already on the imperial road which leads to Russian protectorate and Russian dominion. Even now they owe their existence to the moral and material support of the Czar.

The necessary consequence of the first partition of Poland was the second partition in 1792. France, convulsed by a bloody revolution, and England on the point of declaring war against France, had no time to think of Poland, Prussia, and Russia; on the contrary, England rejoiced at the increase of Russia’s resources, as she was sooner or later to become her ally against the principles of French democracy. It was in vain that Burke branded the second partition, and that another statesman openly advocated an alliance with France against Russia and on behalf of Turkey, which, as he said, “must to a certain degree be renovated, not by half, but by fundamental measures, managed through the co-operation of Great Britain and France.”† England, forgetting her interests and her duties, carried on a long war against France, and while she was subsidizing every bankrupt despot in Europe, in order to keep up a struggle against the principles of democracy in France, Russia seized Finland, and attempted to take the Danubian provinces.

The Turks were not willing to give up Moldo-Wallachia, but the English government fearing lest the Czar, her ally against France, might be defeated by the Turks, sent a fleet under Admiral Duckworth through the Dardanelles to Constantinople, in order to enforce the surrender of the Principalities to Russia. The gallant admiral passed the Straits with the sacrifice of one third of his crew, but seeing that the Turks were raising

* Wolfgang Menzel’s *Geschichte der Deutschen*, II. pp. 1024-26.

* The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East. Third Edition. London: John Murray. 1854. p. 6.

† Morning Chronicle, July 28, 1792.

batteries all along the coast, he put back, and the schemes of Russia were once more frustrated. In 1815, peace was at last concluded, and the friendship between England and Russia, cemented by the so-called Russo-Dutch loan, that is to say, by a subsidy which even now continues to be paid by England to Russia.

As soon as Czar Nicholas ascended the throne he took up the old plans of aggrandizement, which in the last ten years of Czar Alexander had remained in abeyance. He made in 1827 war against Persia, and in 1828 and 1829 against Turkey. The English government again approved of all his schemes; the Turkish fleet had already in 1827 been destroyed at Navarino, in time of peace, and without a declaration of war by the allied fleets of England, France, and Russia, and Lord Lucan and several other distinguished English officers fought as volunteers in the army of Field-Marshal Diebitsch. The result of the war is well known: the Russians got the protectorate of the Danubian Principalities, and the command of the mouths of the Danube. The lame protest of Lord Aberdeen could not palliate the connivance of the English government.

In 1830, Poland rose against the Czar, to recover her independence. The sympathies of the English and French nation were roused on behalf of the heroes of freedom, and Louis Philippe was already willing to support Poland in case England would co-operate with him. But Lord Palmerston's despatch in answer to M. Talleyrand's proposition contained the declaration that "the intervention of the two courts could only be by force, in case of a refusal on the part of Russia, and the amicable and satisfactory relations between the cabinet of St. James and the cabinet of St. Petersburg would not allow his Britannic Majesty to undertake such an interference." Had England at that time valued the alliance of France more than the "amicable and satisfactory relations with Russia," the present war would scarcely have taken place.

Poland fell in this way, with the connivance of the English ministry, and in spite of the violation of the treaty of Vienna by the abolition of the Polish constitution,* in spite of the atrocity with which the Czar punished all those who had risen against his arbitrary rule, he was praised in England for his magnanimous moderation, for his wisdom and firmness, and for his broad views of policy; he was

* By the treaty of Vienna, the assignment of Poland to Russia was regarded as an European arrangement, to which the European powers were parties. That treaty defined the relations in which Poland should stand to Russia, and on that ground alone the other powers had a right to require of Russia that the constitution should not be touched.—Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons.

lauded as the political saviour of Europe, as the safe dyke against the waves of democracy, as the supporter of the monarchical principle in the person of the thirty tyrants of Germany. And if a man dared denounce him as a grasping despot aiming at the supremacy of Europe, or expressed sympathy for the exiled Poles, he was, according to his possible importance, called either an enemy of order, or a lunatic, or a most amiable dreamer.

Again, in 1848, continental Europe was shaken to its very foundations by one of those providential crises which nobody could foresee. The hollowness of the treaties and institutions of 1815, and the bad faith of the continental princes, became apparent. But the English did not care for the commotions of the continent; strong in their insular position, they congratulated one another that they were not such sinners as their brothers on the continent, and wrapt themselves in their selfishness. When Hungary, rising in defence of her rights, had defeated the Austrians, and Russia was again making a bold step in advance, first by occupying the Danubian Principalities, and then by assisting Austria against Hungary, the opportunity had again appeared when a strong remonstrance of England might have prevented the present war, and established a barrier against the encroachments of Russia. But England remained silent, nay, the ministers declared in parliament that Russia had a right to lend her aid to Austria in her war against Hungary. Hungary fell accordingly, and peace was once more restored in Europe. The Peace-society flourished, and when General Haynau, the woman flogger, the hangman of Arad, the hyena of Brescia, honored the anniversary meeting of the friends of peace with his presence in Frankfort, it was taken for a tribute involuntarily paid to the justice of the principles of the society, and many amiable men congratulated themselves on the dawning of the reign of peace and good-will, forgetting that the moral law of nations had been destroyed, and the foundations of society shaken by it more violently than by the vapid theories of the Socialists of Paris, or the Utopian schemes of the German professors in the parliament at Frankfort, which were held up as the great bugbear threatening the civilization of the west. We heard at that time the theory that war was not only unjust, but that it was impossible, since the finances of all the countries of Europe were in a more or less desperate state, whilst war must be carried on, according to the great strategist Montecucculi, first by money, then again by money, and once more by money.

Such was the condition of Europe at that time, that whoever spoke of the dangers of the future, and of Russia's imminent aggres-

sion on Turkey, was hailed at as visionary. Kossuth, in May, 1852, predicted the speedy conflict, but his words were as little heeded as those of Cassandra at Troy. Another victim of Russia, the General Bem, wrote on the 8th of May, 1851, a letter to a friend in Paris, from which we extract the following passage:—

Though the disaster of Hungary has put all the country in mourning, still its consequences may become favorable to our cause, since now the war between Turkey and Russia has become inevitable, and the necessary consequence of such a collision must be the re-establishment of Poland. The forces of the Sultan are sufficient for destroying the power of Russia; his army is prepared to encounter our enemies. But it is necessary that the government at Constantinople should be able to throw off the fatal guardianship of the foreign ambassadors who fetter its movements. It is the influence of Europe which keeps me here *interné* at Aleppo.

The policy of Russia was self-evident, it was known; but, as Kossuth said, she had either a spy or a tool in every cabinet of Europe, and was able to suppress every rising suspicion while pursuing her plans. The Czar believed he might now seize the opportunity of carrying the plans of Peter I. and Catherine II., and he knew that for doing it, it was not only necessary to have a spy or a tool in every European cabinet, but likewise to strike the blow at a time when no European power could resent it. The two great gates of the Russian empire, the Sound and the Bosphorus, were to be secured for the successors of Peter. No statesman in Europe has ever overlooked such a contingency. It is not yet very long ago that Thiers said, in speaking of the campaign of 1809: "It was quite enough, in delivering Finland to the Russians, to have afforded them the means of a step in advance towards the Sound, as a point from which they will be not less menacing at a future day, when the Russian Colossus, with one foot on the Dardanelles and another on the Sound, will make the old world his slave, and liberty will have fled to America. However chimerical all this may seem now to narrow minds, it will one day be a cruel reality; for Europe, unwisely divided like the towns of Greece in presence of the kings of Macedonia, will have probably the same lot." Still, in 1852, on the 8th of May, the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia signed a treaty in London by which the eventual succession in Denmark was guaranteed to the Czars. Such being the case, Nicholas could not doubt that the Bosphorus might be transferred to him without greater difficulties. And, indeed, who could have checked his ambitious plans?

Turkey had not the nerve to declare war against the advice of Western Europe; and should the Sultan be bold enough to do it, there remained always the chance that a new Greek insurrection might lead to a new Navarino. As to Austria, he knew that she was bound by gratitude to Russia, and though she may always be willing to occupy in time of peace any province, Bologna or Hesse Cassel, Tuscany or Schleswig-Holstein, Servia or the Principalities, that she was slow in drawing the sword, well aware that it is blunt and brittle, steeped in the best blood of Italy and Hungary. In England the military spirit was asleep, whilst Lord Aberdeen, the friend of the Czar of forty years' standing, was at the head of affairs. France had by the mouth of Louis Napoleon declared that the Empire means peace, and the interests of France were scarcely jeopardized by the Russian protectorate of Turkey. Such were the circumstances under which the Czar sent Menschikoff to Constantinople, to overawe the Sultan in his own palace. France had by the mission of Lavalette, and Austria by the mission of Count Leiningen, paved the way for Menschikoff. Both powers had pretended a protectorate over a portion of the Sultan's subjects; they could scarcely protest now against a claim, in regard of which they had established a precedent. Still the logic of events destroyed the diplomatic net of Russia; Turkey remained firm, and England and France supported her, because the English nation distrusted the Czar and hated his policy, and Napoleon III. was glad to find an opportunity for consolidating his throne by an alliance with England.

Nicholas occupied now the Principalities; he repeated only what in 1848 he had done with impunity, without even having met with a diplomatic protest. But times had changed, and a rupture seemed unavoidable. The Vienna conferences were held in order to heal the breach; an amicable arrangement was already agreed upon; the interests of Turkey were sacrificed by the specious wording of the Vienna note; but the trick was discovered in Constantinople, war was declared, and the diplomatists of Vienna had to avow that they had been duped by Russia! England, as Lord Clarendon graphically described, was drifting towards war, until breakers were a-head, and peace could not longer be preserved. But the statesmen of England, old men who had seen the wars of the French empire, took care to confine the struggle to the Danubian Principalities and to the Bulgarian plain up to the Balkan, that at any rate it should remain a war of armies, and not grow a war of nations—that the balance of powers should be its aim, not the victory of principles.

These were the reasons why they tried to

the Austria and Prussia to their own course; against public opinion in Europe they courted for months the favors of the most fickle and insincere governments with a tenacity worthy of a better aim. Still they only partially succeeded. The triumphant defence of Silistria by the Turks compelled them at last to do something in the field, and so they went to the Crimea, to the extreme end of Europe, where the echo of their cannons dies away along the steppes before it can reach and rouse the nations of Europe. Again negotiations are opened in Vienna, which are to put Turkey under the guardianship of all the five powers of Europe, Russia included, and make the peace of the world dependent on any riot in the streets of Constantinople, or any intrigue in the Seraglio which the Czar may think fit to excite. Can such an arrangement be lasting? Can it give any security as to the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire, for the maintenance of which the allies have spent their treasures and their blood? Can they prevent the speedy fall of Turkey, which has now wasted her resources, and probably likewise her armies? Can the four points, the basis of the negotiation: that is to say, the common collective protectorate of the five powers over the Principalities, and besides over all the Christians of Turkey, the removal (on paper) of all the obstructions in the mouths of the Danube, and the revision of the treaty which shuts the entrance of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus to all the navies of Europe; can they alter the intentions of Russia, when her power is not crippled, and her integrity is guaranteed?

Indeed, whatever may be the views on the cause and necessity of the present struggle, so much will be admitted by every Englishman, that if Russia is not humbled, if she has not to repay the expenses of war even to Turkey, if Sebastopol is allowed to be rebuilt and to shelter a Russian fleet, peace cannot be restored on a secure basis. And still Russia will not consent to any reduction of her fleet, to any restriction of her sovereignty even to the extent of leaving a fortress in ruins, or to make good the enormous sacrifices of Turkey, which became necessary by the wanton aggression of the Czar.

The present war may be terminated by the negotiations just opened in Vienna, still such a peace will only prove to be a short truce which leaves to the Czar "to bide his time, until by the dissensions of the other powers, until by the weakness of some of those powers, he should find a better opportunity for accomplishing his designs."* Even if the professions of disinterestedness and moderation in Petersburg should have blinded us for a time to the intentions of Russia, in spite of her

uninterrupted aggrandizement under every Czar, the revelations of the secret correspondence must have dispelled any doubt about the schemes and hereditary policy of Russia towards Turkey. Unless the power of Russia is crippled, or a barrier is erected against her encroachments, the danger in the East can be postponed, but not averted. The four points, with all their interpretations, do not cripple the resources of the great northern empire; they cannot by protectorates and diplomatic intermeddling strengthen Turkey, or quench the dissatisfaction of Hungary and Italy, which makes Austria ever dependent either on Russian or French support.

But we cannot suppress our doubts even as to such a temporary issue of the conferences. Whilst the diplomatists are splitting words in Vienna, battles are fought in the Crimea, and though a Turkish defeat might accelerate the conclusion of peace, a Russian defeat must break them up altogether, since the Czar cannot sign any treaty under the impression of a defeat. The fortune of war has hitherto favored the arms of Omar Pasha, and the English and French are eager for a new harvest of laurels, more profitable, though not more honorable, than those of the Alma and of Inkermann.

The only efficient barrier against Russia's encroachment is the reconstruction of Poland, and a regeneration of those provinces which now are writhing under the yoke of Francis Joseph. Still we are told that Poland is dead, that we find Poland in Siberia and in France, in England and in the United States, in fact, everywhere but in Poland. Such an argument should indeed be good, as we hear it repeated ever since the day when Kosciuszko, on the battle-field of Maciejowice exclaimed, "Finis Poloniæ." Napoleon believed it before he came to Warsaw, on his way to the bloody ice-fields of Russia, and then, too late, perceived his mistake; he was already bound, by his Austrian alliance, to leave his best basis of operations disorganized and helpless.—The lesson he learned was not altogether lost, for the statesmen of the Congress of Vienna, and even the Castlereaghs, and Metterniches, and Talleyrands, admitted that Poland possessed still such vitality as to make it necessary to endow her Russian portion with a "constitution." And though this constitution was systematically violated by the Court of St. Petersburg, still even under that shadow of liberty Russian Poland rapidly developed her resources; her agriculture improved, her industry rose, her literature flourished, and the struggle of 1830-31 itself became an evidence of her vitality. It is true that since that time we scarcely have heard anything of Poland beyond sad tales of confiscation, of banishment to Siberia, of a treacherous secret police, and

* Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons.

of all the paraphernalia of the most stringent despotism. No English tourist was permitted to visit the country, and the few persons who in an official capacity, or on commercial business resided in Poland, had, of course, no opportunity of forming an impartial judgment on the moral position of Poland. They saw the iron yoke of the Czar weigh heavily on the neck of the inhabitants, but they could not see the feelings in the bosom of the Poles; they saw oppression and no resistance, and they jumped to the conclusion that Poland was dead, because unarmed and forsaken by all Europe, even by the English government, it did not rush into acts of mad despair. Besides, there are very few who know the mutual relation of the races and the difference of nationalities in Poland, and because they see that in Posen the peasants are not hostile to the Russians, and that in Galicia the Austrian government was able to compass the murder of the dissatisfied gentry by the mob, stimulated by a prize of twenty shillings, paid for the head of any Polish landlord; they think that the great bulk of the population, the peasants all over Poland, are oppressed by the gentry, and well affected towards the government.—A hasty glance on the distribution of the Polish race and its history, and on the condition of the agriculturists will soon dispel those prejudices.

Geographically speaking, the ancient kingdom of Poland is bounded in the north by the Baltic, in the south by the Carpathian mountains, to the east by the forests and swamps from which issue the Niemen, the Dwina, the Dnieper, and the many tributaries to that river; to the west and to the south-east there is no natural frontier. Poland in this way comprises the basin of the Upper Warta—a tributary to the Oder—of the Vistula, and of the Niemen, and extends along the Pripetz to the basin of the Dnieper and Dniester. All this country is a fertile, wheat-producing, cattle-feeding plain, the watershed between the different river basins nowhere rising to higher elevation than about one thousand feet above the general level of the country. It was occupied by Slavonian races with a sprinkling of Germans on the Upper Warta,—Posen,—and at the mouth of the Vistula,—Danzig; whilst the coast between the Niemen and the Vistula (East Prussia) was held by the knights of the Teutonic Order in fief from the crown of Poland, who gradually extirpated or Germanized the Russian aborigines, and raised their country in industrial and strategical importance, until it became independent. But the Slavonians settled on the Polish plain were not of the same origin and character.—Poles held the banks of the Vistula, Lithuanians the basin of the Niemen, Ruthenes or White Russians the valleys of the Carpathians,

the plain of Halitsch and Wolodimir, and the watershed between the basins of the Niemen, Vistula, Dniester, and Dnieper, up to the country of the Little Russians or Cossacks.—Of all these races the Poles were the most important. From the beginning of their national existence they held the principles of constitutional monarchy and of popular representation; and if, in the eighteenth century, the splendor of the crown was tarnished, the fault lay rather in the indolent and profligate character of the Saxon house which sat on the throne of Poland than in the character of the nation. Their literature by far surpasses that of the other Slavonian races; the name of Copernicus suffices to show that positive knowledge was not a stranger with them; their liberality in matters of religion was twice displayed in the most striking manner, by offering an asylum, in the fourteenth century, to the persecuted Jews of Germany, and in the sixteenth to Socinus and his followers. As to their gallantry, it is proverbial. The bulk of the Poles, as already stated, occupied only the basin of the Vistula, but the landed gentry all over the realm belonged to the Polish stock, or were soon Polonized, as for instance in Lithuania. The Lithuanians, in fact, do not belong to the Slavonian stock. Together with the original Prussians they formed a nationality of their own, but without any indigenous civilization; surrounded by Slavonians, and acted upon by Germans, they turned, in Prussia, Germans, and in Lithuania, Poles. In their physical constitution as well as in their mental development, they are somewhat inferior to the Poles, who constitute not only the political, but even the natural aristocracy in the country. Still the Lithuanians are by far superior to the Ruthenes or White Russians, amongst all the races of Europe the most degraded. Such being the case, it is natural that the country around the Vistula, the neighborhood of Cracow and Warsaw, formed the nucleus and strength of Poland; whilst Lithuania, Podolia, Volhynia, Halitsch, Wolodimir, and Posen were the outlying provinces, dependencies of Poland Proper; and as the Polish aristocracy, lording it over the Lithuanian and Ruthenian serfs, could not infuse the feelings of patriotism, or even the habits of industry into those inert masses, they were rent off from Poland at the first serious attack of her treacherous enemies. The first partition of the country stripped her of all the non-Polish provinces; the second robbed her of the mouth of the Vistula. Of course, in all these spoils of Prussia and Austria, the Ruthene serf felt no great attachment to the Polish gentry, and he thought the enemy of the landed aristocracy must be his friend. The kings of Prussia availed themselves of such a feeling, and emancipating the serf, bound him

to their German administration by the ties of interest and of gratitude. Austrian policy was less humane, and contented itself with fanning the latent aversion between the bondsman and his lord into open flame, which at last burst out in the massacre of the Galacian nobility just when it tried to amalgamate the interests of the tenant and of the landlord by the abolition of the feudal tenure. In Lithuania, the Polish nobleman was oppressed by Russia in common with his Lithuanian serf.—But in Poland Proper, in the Poland of 1815, the bondsman and the lord belonged to the same race; they felt themselves of the same blood, and in 1792 as well as in 1831, they stood together in the field against the Russian tyrant, and though serfdom was not abolished, the scythemen of the Palatinate of Masovia and of Cracow fought the battles of freedom with the Polish nobles up to the last. But even at the present moment the educated classes and the landed gentry in all the ancient dependencies of Poland feel themselves as Poles, and call themselves Poles, though it was already in the time of their grandfathers that all the bonds were severed by which they had been attached to Poland. In Poland Proper all classes of society from the bondsman to the prince are fully alive to the great injustice inflicted upon them, and all are united in the hope of a reconstruction of their fatherland. All the intelligence of the country, with the exception, perhaps, of some German monopolists, and of the citizens of Dantzig, would hail the restoration of Poland with rapture, and even the reconstruction of Poland in the basin of the Vistula alone would not be devoid of those elements of vitality required in a country which would always be threatened by the neighborhood of Russia. With the exception of Prussia, the powers partitioning Poland have not done anything to deserve the loyalty of the inhabitants. The means of communication have remained in the barbarous

state of the last century; scarcely any railways have been formed except where strategic reasons demanded them; public instruction was neglected, and the resources of the country were not developed. A national government in Warsaw, therefore, could soon overcome the apathy of the Lithuanians and the ill-will of the Galician peasants by the benefits of civilization; whilst the Masurs and Cracuses have, even under the Russian yoke, made considerable progress in agricultural husbandry and manufacturing industry, led by the example of their landed gentry.

A peculiar sympathy has lately seized the Cabinets of Europe for the welfare and civilization of the Christian populations of Turkey, though in Serbia and in Moldo-Wallachia they enjoy the most unfettered provincial, and in Bulgaria at least communal self-government. The Five Powers are to be the guardians of those populations and to tutor them into civilization; but why are the poor inhabitants of the basin of the Vistula and Niemen excluded from such a protectorate? The annals of the Christians in Turkey contain no tragedy so bloody as the murder of the Galacian gentry in 1846, nor such duplicity and treason as the partition of Poland. The treaty of 1815, the fundamental law of Europe, contains no clause in favor of their constitutional institutions; nobody has ever asserted that they could grow strong enough to withstand Russia; they do not claim the protection of Europe, and still they are to be blest with it, whilst those who claim a protection, who, by the fundamental treaty of Europe, have a right not only to national existence, but likewise to constitutional freedom, and who would constitute a firm barrier against Russian aggression, are forsaken and ignored by the powers of Europe! It is in vain to ask why such differences are established, they are hidden by the darkness of secret diplomacy.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By Lady Morgan, Author of "O'Donnel," etc. New edition.

[The principal speculation of the week is a new edition of Lady Morgan's writings, beginning with one of the most solid of her works, the "Life of Salvator Rosa." When it first appeared, upwards of thirty years ago, political politics ran higher than they do now. In the life of the fiery painter-poet, calumniated by the serviles of the tyrants of Italy as a man of irregular life and "low" tastes and habits, the writer had an opportunity of infusing into her book her own spirit versus the spirit of the Holy Alliance.

Time shows that the "Wild Irish Girl" was right in substance, if her manner was somewhat over-vivacious. Compared with modern writers of the rhetorical school, or with modern Milesian orators, Lady Morgan has pith and nerve. Her imagery may be somewhat forced, her sentiment overcharged; but the images are drawn from nature, her sentiments are real. There is also the presence of unmistakable power and spirit, if a little run to seed.

The quarto of 1823 now forms a sightly octavo, with the original portrait, and, what is no mean recommendation in this age of expansion, one volume.] *Spectator.*

From Chambers's Journal.

WHEREABOUTS IS THE NORTH?

A WEEK or two ago, we called attention to the many recent disasters at sea, some of which, as it was observed, might be traced less or more to deviations of the compass. It will probably be new to many that the whole doctrine respecting the pointing of the needle is now held as liable to very considerable modification; that, in short, the compass, as usually understood, is very far from being a faithful guide across the ocean; and that those mariners who depend too exclusively on its aid, are likely to lead their ships into extreme danger. But how, it will be asked, can this be, seeing that the needle points to the north? It is not strictly true that the needle points to the north; it points to a spot several degrees aside from north, and this spot is not always exactly the same. Admitting, however, that the compass, in proper circumstances, does pretty steadily point to one spot in a northerly direction, it still remains true that it is difficult to keep it in these circumstances, and, as the case usually stands, the circumstances produce great and various divergences.

These tendencies of the compass to give a misleading direction are no new thing, but have long been under the attention of mariners. Dampier mentions them; Sturmy's "Mariner's Magazine" for 1684, as may be seen in the Library of the British Museum, has something about them; more than once were they observed during Cook's voyages, and repeatedly since. So often, indeed, that one is surprised those most concerned in explaining or preventing the error should not have taken instant pains to inquire into it. But why should any one trouble himself? It was nobody's business in particular; and so nobody meddled with it. Your genuine "old Salt" snapped his fingers at science; he could take his ship out to sea, and bring her into port again, by rules well known to navigators. Why should he bother himself with that new stuff about compass errors? "Lead, log, and look-out," had served his turn for years past, and should be his trust for the future. Sometimes, however, it happened that neither ship nor captain ever came home again. Who would have thought it! Accidents will happen — that was all; and still the old routine prevailed. Now and then the lesson was repeated in a more impressive form. In 1803, the *Apollo* frigate, and forty of her convoy, went on shore in the night on the coast of Portugal. The war-ship, trusting to her compass, signalled the course to be steered, making no allowance for the disturbing effect of her guns upon the needle. Some of the merchant-captains, remarking the error, steered the course as shown by their own compasses, and escaped the fate of their less observant brethren. And how often did it happen, during the long French war, that the commander in charge of a convoy directed by signal the course to be steered through the night; and that in the morning the merchant-ships would be seen dispersed all round the horizon, one or two of the most distant perhaps being carried off by the enemy's cruisers. Who was to blame? Each captain had steered

the course prescribed according to his own compass; and as no two compasses agreed, the consequence was a general straggling, and a loss of time while the ships beat up into position, like ducklings to their parent.

Such being the risk and difficulty with wooden ships, how much greater when the vessel is built of iron; the liability to error is increased to an alarming extent. Indeed, the most anxious trial that could befall a pilot or sailing master, when iron steamers first came into use, was to have charge of one from Plymouth to London. The vessels would go in any direction but the right; and he was a brave man who could venture to carry on in a fog. It was not at all unusual at sunrise to see the English or French shore right ahead, and the ship running direct for it, when she was thought to be making her fair course up channel. The compass was worse than useless; it was treacherous. We have heard some men declare, they could have navigated with less hazard had there been no compass on board at all.

The liability to error is in some cases practically recognized by the captains of steamers plying regularly from port to port. Hull to Rotterdam, for instance; they know that to steer south-south-east, or whatever the course may be, will not take them true to their destination; and, taught by long experience, they take a course a point or two more to the north or south, and fetch their port as accurately as a ferry-boat its landing-place. They have learned, moreover, that to steer precisely the opposite course in returning, will not take them where they wish to go; and here, also, they allow for deviation. The out and the home voyages are thus seen to require different expedients. After this, shall we wonder that the wrecks round the British coast alone, taking the year through, amount, as has been said, to a ship and a half per day? In some years, it is more than double this number.

The Admiralty at length took up the subject, and appointed a "Compass Committee;" comprehensive inquiries were made; and the causes of error carefully investigated. These were more easily discoverable than the remedy; but science was brought to bear on the question, and, as we shall see, with beneficial results.

Many remarkable particulars came to light during the progress of the inquiry; and instances of neglect or indifference almost incredible. The rough-and-ready rule, "Keep all iron seven feet from the binnacle," which most mariners were supposed to recognize, was proved to be as little acted on by the navy, as "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., among people on shore. Iron tillers and capstans were not at all uncommon; and the disturbing effect of such a mass of metal, approaching to within two or three feet of the compass, had never been thought of. If the vessel had iron davits for the quarter-boats, the swinging of them inboard would make a difference of four or five points in the direction of the needle. The iron nails with which the binnacle-boxes were put together, would cause a similar error; and more than once, the lower part of the box was found to be used as a closet, where iron bolts, and other sundries of the same metal, were conveniently stowed away. Surely, wilful stu-

pidity must have been the presiding genius over the makers of binnacles; how else can the use of any other than wood or copper fastenings be explained? In Queen's ships, the binnacles are now made without doors, to prevent the possibility of any idle sailor depositing in them his odds and ends of iron. An iron cistern, carried between decks near the stern, would produce as much disturbing effect on the compass as a solid cube of the same dimensions. The *Courageux* was lost on the rocks off Anholt, owing to the needle having been diverted two points by a stand of arms, placed on the half-deck below the compass. The addition of a large gun to a vessel's battery would make a difference. Compasses, too, were found to disturb each other when placed too near together; and the placing them too near was the common fault of merchant-ships. In vessels of the royal navy, the binnacles, where two compasses are carried, are now never fixed within four and a half feet of each other. When both are so liable to be wrong from causes above mentioned, they should at least be prevented from making one another worse.

Again: the error of a compass is not constant, especially in iron ships; it varies with the induced magnetism of the vessel, or with the changes in the permanent magnetism. As the ship proceeds on her voyage, so does the change take place—greatest in amount in the highest latitudes, and diminishing towards the equator. It is not the same in corresponding latitudes of the two hemispheres, and it differs according as the course is east or west. Nor is it the same in different parts of the same vessel; let a compass be placed near the stern, another amidships, another near the bow, and a fourth down below, each will tell a different tale. The question thus appears to be one of insurmountable difficulty—the complication of error too intricate for unravelment. How do ships ever find their way across the trackless waters?

The answer to this question will be to narrate, in few words, the principal means discovered and employed for correcting the multiplied errors already enumerated. Thirty years ago, Mr. Barlow, professor of mathematics at Woolwich, recommended the placing of an iron plate on board ship near the compass—the object being to counteract the attraction of the vessel by the attraction of the plate, and thus keep the needle pretty nearly in its true magnetic direction. This, which was never supposed to be other than an imperfect remedy, was fairly tried and kept in use until, in 1828, Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, after careful experiment, shewed a magnet to be a much more effectual and reliable compensation than the iron plate. The method he proposed, was to place a bar-magnet in conjunction with a sheet of soft iron rolled as a scroll, at such a distance below the compass as would produce a deviation of the needle corresponding to that caused by the ship, and so neutralize one by the other. Afterwards, instead of the scroll, he introduced an iron chain in a box, as being more uniform in its magnetism. In plates, it is often found that one part is weaker or stronger in its magnetism than the rest, by which its action is

rendered irregular. Mr. Airy shewed further, that a ship acts as a permanent magnet on the compasses, and expressed himself confident in his proposed method.

On this point there has been, at times, much discussion: one party contends, that the only safe place for the compass is the top of the mast, far above all metallic influence; another, that as there is in all vessels, generally below the deck, a neutral point where the needle is not disturbed, the compass should be established on that point. Without entering into the merits of these and other questions which have been raised, let us see what are the measures adopted to know whereabouts is the north on board vessels of the royal navy.

It was by authority of the Compass Committee that the investigations of Mr. Airy and others were made. In 1836, they sent the late Captain Johnson to make trials and experiments on board the iron steamer *Garryowen*, at the mouth of the Shannon, during which it was ascertained that the ordinary place for the compass was an "improper position" on board iron vessels; that the compass of the steamer in question could not be depended on; and that only by raising it to a considerable height above the deck, could it be made to work with anything like accuracy. In concluding his report, the captain suggested that in all cases a record should be kept of the position in which a ship lies with respect to the magnetic meridian while being built, as the permanent magnetism of the hull depends in great measure on that position.

The result of all this and other skilful researches is, that the compass is now treated by the navy as an instrument requiring as delicate handling as a chronometer; it had too long been treated with little more ceremony than the men's beef-barrel. The needles are made of the best clock-spring steel, well hammered, put together in compound plates or laminæ, and prepared with the greatest care for their important function. The compass-cards, instead of being imperfect rounds, roughly executed by the engraver, are true circles, printed after having been fixed to the mica plate by a chemical preparation not liable to be affected by damp or heat. The bowl in which the card swings is made of copper, as this metal has the property of steadying the needle, of checking its numerous oscillations, without disturbing its directive power. The margin of the bowl is graduated by an engine, and not by hand; and an azimuth circle is fitted to each, so that at any time the compass can be checked by an astronomical observation, or it may be used for surveying purposes. The pivots on which the needle rests are of metal harder than steel; and a supply of spare ones, the points gilded by the galvanic process, is delivered to each ship. And, lastly, all the compasses and binnacles are made of one size and pattern.

So constructed, the compass becomes a standard; but it is not yet ready for use. It is sent to Woolwich, where a building has been erected and fitted up exclusively for the testing of compasses, and every portion of the instruments is most rigorously examined and compared; nothing

ing is allowed to pass in the least degree doubtful. Then, at each of the royal dockyards, a compass-room is built—all on the same plan—the shelves fixed in the line of the magnetic meridian; and on these the compass-cards are ranged two feet apart, with the opposite poles of the needles towards each other. Should any needle be found to alter, it is not remagnetised, but is at once rejected and replaced by a good one; and a deflecting apparatus is kept for the testing of all needles before use, the particulars of each being entered in a book. A closet is also fitted up on board ship in which the compasses and nothing else are to be stored: it has shelves and cases so contrived, that the instruments can never be put away with the same poles towards each other, and the master keeps the key.

Suppose, now, that a ship has taken in all her guns, shot, shell, and iron of every kind, ready for sea; the compasses are then put on board, and the operation is performed by which the deviations of the standard are ascertained. We see repeatedly in the newspapers, announcements that a vessel has "gone up," or "dropped down," to Greenhithe to have her compasses corrected; and without this, all the means taken to secure exactitude would be ineffectual. A basin is best for the process; but it may be effected in a tide-way at slack-water. The ship is placed so that by means of warps her head can be turned in succession to each of the thirty-two points of the compass; as each is arrived at, she is kept steady for a few minutes, while the bearing of some object a few miles distant on shore is taken with the standard-compass. When all are noted, the standard is carried on shore, and the bearings are again taken out of reach of the attraction of the vessel; and in this way the deviations of the ship's compass on each point are ascertained, the amount of deviation being exactly the difference between the two sets of bearings. All the facts are recorded in a book, and thus the captain knows what allowance he has to make for compass-error, whatever be the course of the vessel. Yet after all this, precautions are necessary: the Admiralty instructions require that no iron shall come within seven feet of the compasses; the standard is to be the only authority on board; and the binnacle-compasses are to be frequently compared with it; observa-

tions with the azimuth circle are to be taken repeatedly during a voyage, especially should the ship enter the southern hemisphere, for then the deviation which was to the east in the northern, will be to the west. In this case, new steering-tables must be prepared, by "swinging" the ship to the thirty-two points, as at first. The needle is to be lifted from the pivot whenever the compass is carried about or the guns are fired, to guard against injury to the delicate suspensions: and all the compasses on board are to be compared with one another every day at noon.

In all cases where the standard-compasses have been used, the result is satisfactory. The steamer *Urgent* once ran in a fog from Milford Islands to Liverpool, and hit the Bell Buoy at the mouth of the Mersey "to a fraction," as her commander reported. Captain Vidal surveyed by the new system the Azores in the *Styx* without accident. The master of the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, after two years' experience, describes the standard as perfectly trustworthy; and says that, making the "necessary allowance," he could steer a true course on any point of the compass.

Here, then, is demonstration of the possibility of avoiding the fatal errors mentioned at the commencement of the present article; and if good for the navy, it must be good for the merchant-service. If the owners of vessels will but provide themselves with proper standard-compasses, and require that they shall be used as prescribed by the Admiralty, we shall seldom hear of shipwreck from the compass indicating a false course. Iron has of late years been so much introduced into the construction even of wooden vessels, as greatly to increase the liability to error, and explain how it is we hear more of casualty from that cause than in former years, when more wood and less iron was used. A heavy responsibility rests on those who, send ships to sea, neglecting the important precautions we have here pointed out. At the same time, it is proper to keep in remembrance, that the best compasses may be temporarily deranged by aurora borealis, or other atmospheric phenomena; and that, consequently, all the common aids in good seamanship need to be resorted to by the commanders of vessels.

The Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations, Delineated and Described. By J. O. Westwood, Esq., F.L.S., etc.

[*The Butterflies of Great Britain* is a new edition with additions both of plates and letter-press: and a handsome volume it forms. The beauty and ethereal character of the butterfly render it by far the most striking of the insect tribe. It is also the most hilarious to capture, and the most attractive to study, whether under the microscope or "waving wide its gladsome wing." Its transformations, if not so attractive

to the eye, are stranger to the mind; so strange, that only experience would induce a belief in their possibility; so wonderful, that they furnish one of the strongest illustrations or arguments for the resurrection.

The person who wishes to study butterflies and their transformations in a book and an easy chair, or to examine the subject for himself in the fields and the cabinet, or merely to possess a handsome volume, cannot do better than procure Mr. Westwood's *Butterflies of Great Britain*.]

Spectator.

MISS AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

Pride and Prejudice; Sense and Sensibility; Emma; Northanger Abbey; Persuasion; Mansfield Park.

MORE than thirty years ago *The Quarterly Review*, and Sir Walter Scott excited a new interest in these works, by their strong recommendations. At that time they were reprinted in the United States, and we had our first copies, which were worn out, borrowed, vanished. Then another copy in octavo, containing all in one volume, came into our possession. This was too heavy, and from long use is now in tatters. Then a set, in pretty little volumes, came from England, — but this has nearly disappeared. We have often thought of publishing a good edition, each volume to contain one of the novels, and are very glad that Messrs. Buns & Brother, of New York (as appears by their advertisement in No. 568), have begun to do so, by issuing *Pride and Prejudice*.

To the delightful society created by this author, we shall be glad to introduce all our readers. How many hours of weariness, sickness and anxiety have been soothed for us by these people. Elizabeth Bennet is a dear friend — and for her sake as well as his own we respect Mr. Darcy, after she has corrected and improved him. His aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet and the Rev. Mr. Collins have other kinds of interest. We have read the whole series twenty times, and should like to read it again now. But we must wait for some half sickness which needs recreation; — and then, unable to read the new novels, we turn to these or to the *Waverlies*. And perhaps we like these better than even Sir Walter's. We copy a Biographical notice, which originally appeared in a posthumous work, probably *Northanger Abbey*.

Biographical notice of Miss Jane Austen, originally issued, we think, with Northanger Abbey, after her death.

THE following pages are the production of a pen which has already contributed in no small degree to the entertainment of the public. And when the public, which has not been insensible to the merits of "*Sense and Sensibility*," "*Pride and Prejudice*," "*Mansfield Park*," and "*Emma*," shall be informed that the hand which guided that pen is now mouldering in the grave, perhaps a brief account of Jane Austen will be read with a kindlier sentiment than simple curiosity.

Short and easy will be the task of the mere biographer. A life of usefulness, literature, and religion, was not by any means a life of events. To those who lament their irreparable loss, it is consolatory to think that, as she never deserved disapprobation, so, in the cir-

cle of her family and friends, she never met reproof; that her wishes were not only reasonable, but gratified; and that to the little disappointments incidental to human life was never added, even for a moment, an abatement of good will from any who knew her.

Jane Austen was born on the 16th of December, 1775, at Steventon, in the county of Hants. Her father was rector of that parish upwards of forty years. There he resided, in the conscientious and unassisted discharge of his ministerial duties, until he was turned of seventy years. Then, he retired with his wife, our authoress, and her sister, to Bath, for the remainder of his life, a period of about four years. Being not only a profound scholar, but possessing a most exquisite taste in every species of literature, it is not wonderful that his daughter Jane should, at a very early age, have become sensible to the charms of style, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of her own language. On the death of her father, she removed, with her mother and sister, for a short time, to Southampton, and finally, in 1809, to the pleasant village of Chawton, in the same county. From this place, she sent into the world those novels, which, by many, have been placed on the same shelf as the works of a D'Arlay and an Edgeworth. Some of these novels had been the gradual performances of her previous life. For though in composition she was equally rapid and correct, yet an invincible distrust of her own judgment induced her to withhold her works from the public, till time and many perusals had satisfied her that the charm of recent composition was dissolved. The natural constitution, the regular habits, the quiet and happy occupations, of our authoress, seemed to promise a long succession of amusement to the public, and a gradual increase of reputation to herself. But the symptoms of a decay, deep and incurable, began to show themselves in the commencement of 1816. Her decline was at first deceitfully slow; and until the spring of this present year, those who knew their happiness to be involved in her existence could not endure to despair. But in the month of May, 1817, it was found advisable that she should be removed to Winchester for the benefit of constant medical aid, which none even then dared to hope would be permanently beneficial. She supported, during two months, all the varying pain, irksomeness, and tedium, attendant on decaying nature, with more than resignation, with a truly elastic cheerfulness. She retained her faculties, her memory, her fancy, her temper, and her affections, warm, clear, and unimpaired, to the last. Neither her love of God nor of her fellow-creatures flagged for a moment. She made a point of receiving the sacrament before excessive bodily weak-

ness might have rendered her perception unequal to her wishes. She wrote whilst she could hold a pen, and with a pencil when a pen had become too laborious. The day preceding her death she composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigor. Her last voluntary speech conveyed thanks to her medical attendant; and to the final question asked of her, purporting to know her wants, she replied, "I want nothing but death."

She expired shortly after, on Friday, the 18th of July, 1817, in the arms of her sister, who, as well as the relater of these events, feels too surely that they shall never look upon her like again.

Jane Austen was buried on the 24th of July, 1817, in the cathedral church of Winchester, which, in the whole catalogue of its mighty dead, does not contain the ashes of a brighter genius or a sincerer Christian.

Of personal attractions she possessed a considerable share. Her stature was that of true elegance. It could not have been increased without exceeding the middle height. Her carriage and deportment were quiet, yet graceful. Her features were separately good. Their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence, which were her real characteristics. Her complexion was of the finest texture. It might with truth be said, that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek. Her voice was extremely sweet. She delivered herself with fluency and precision. Indeed, she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition. In the present age, it is hazardous to mention accomplishments. Our authoress would probably have been inferior to few in such acquirements, had she not been so superior to most in higher things. She had not only an excellent taste for drawing, but, in her earlier days, evinced great power of hand in the management of the pencil. Her own musical attainments she held very cheap. Twenty years ago, they would have been thought more of, and twenty years hence, many a parent will expect her daughter to be applauded for meaner performances. She was fond of dancing, and excelled in it. It remains now to add a few observations on that which her friends deemed more important; on those endowments which sweetened every hour of their lives.

If there be an opinion current in the world, that perfect placidity of temper is not reconcilable to the most lively imagination, and the keenest relish for wit, such an opinion will be rejected forever by those who have had the happiness of knowing the authoress of the following work. Though the frailties, foibles, and follies of others could not escape her immediate detection, yet even in their vices did

she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. The affectation of candor is not uncommon: but she had no affectation.—Faultless herself, as nearly as human nature can be, she always sought in the faults of others, something to excuse, to forgive or forget. Where extenuation was impossible she had a sure refuge in silence. She never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. In short, her temper was as polished as her wit. Nor were her manners inferior to her temper. They were of the happiest kind. No one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of having obtained it. She was tranquil without reserve or stiffness; and communicative without intrusion or self-sufficiency. She became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination. Neither the hope of fame nor profit mixed with her early motives. Most of her works as before observed, were composed many years previous to their publication. It was with extreme difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she suspected, whilst she honored their judgment, could prevail on her to publish her first work. Nay, so persuaded was she that its sale would not repay the expense of publication, that she actually made a reserve from her very moderate income to meet the expected loss. She could scarcely believe what she termed her great good fortune, when "Sense and Sensibility" produced a clear profit of about £150. Few so gifted were so truly unpretending. She regarded the above sum as a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing. Her readers, perhaps, will wonder that such a work produced so little at a time when some other authors have received more guineas than they have written lines. The works of our authoress, however, may live as long as those which have burst on the world with more eclat. But the public has not been unjust; and our authoress was far from thinking it so. Most gratifying to her was the applause which, from time to time, reached her ears from those who were competent to discriminate. Still, in spite of such applause, so much did she shrink from notoriety, that no accumulation of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen. In the bosom of her own family she talked of them freely, thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism. But in public she turned away from any allusion to the character of an authoress. She read aloud with very great taste and effect. Her own works, probably, were never heard to so much advantage as from her own mouth; for she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic muse. She was a warm and judicious admirer of landscape, both in nature and on canvas. At a very early age,

she was enamored of Gilpin on the Picturesque; and she seldom changed her opinions either on books or men.

Her reading was very extensive in history and belles lettres; and her memory extremely tenacious. Her favorite moral writers were Johnson in prose, and Cowper in verse. It is difficult to say at what age she was not intimately acquainted with the merits and defects of the best essays and novels in the English language. Richardson's power of creating, and preserving the consistency of his characters, as particularly exemplified in "Sir Charles Grandison," gratified the natural discrimination of her mind, whilst her taste secured her from the errors of his prolix style and tedious narrative. She did not rank any work of Fielding quite so high. Without the slightest affectation she recoiled from everything gross. Neither nature, wit, nor humor, could make her amends for so very low a scale of morals.

Her power of inventing characters seems to have been intuitive, and almost unlimited. She drew from nature; but, whatever may have been surmised to the contrary, never from individuals.

The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Everything came finished from her pen; for on all subjects she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not hazarding too much to say that she never despatched a note or letter unworthy of publication.

One trait only remains to be touched on. It makes all others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious and devout; fearful of giving offence to God, and incapable of feeling it towards any fellow-creature. On serious subjects she was well instructed, both by reading and meditation, and her opinions accorded strictly with those of our Established Church.

THE DRUSE WOMEN.

Whilst the master of the house is asleep, the wife and daughter wash up the cooking utensils and put these by till evening; the children go forth on various errands of amusement, else fall asleep under the shade of the nearest tree. The wife has minor duties to attend to in the village; so she leaves us alone with the eldest daughter, who is a buxom lass of between sixteen and seventeen, and who, sitting down near us, enters into conversation without the least restraint or affectation. This fact alone proves that the Druses are not that jealous people they are sometimes represented to be, nor are their women such slaves to the prevailing Mohammedan custom in Syria of excluding their sex from the companionship of men: this rigid law has only effect in the intercourse of the Druses with each other, or with the Turks; and this fact also proves that they have greater confidence in the good faith and honor of Christians and strangers than they can place upon their own fraternity. If we may judge by the sample before us, the Druse women are not one whit behind their sisters in more civilized countries as far as regards natural sharpness of intellect, and even wit; they possess, beyond a doubt, the rough unpolished matter, which when worked up, would constitute what is styled elegance and manners—a perfect illustration of the aptitude of that ancient proverb which says, that the roughest surface often contains within it the greatest mineral wealth. Somehow or other, the Druses, in common with all classes inhabiting Syria, are born with a natural tendency to politeness and etiquette. This is more particularly the case with the women; the wildest mountain-girl possesses a refinement of manners an elegance of deportment, and a delicacy of speech, which one might seek for in vain amongst a similar

class in England and France. That heavy awkward gesture and speech, so familiar to clodhoppers, and which so immediately stamps the creature with the class he belongs to, is never to be met with in the East.—*Chasseaud's Druses of the Lebanon.*

A School History of Modern Europe, from the Reformation to the Fall of Napoleon. With Chronological Tables, and Questions for Examination. By John Lord, A. M.

[This volume is less a regular history than a series of essays on historical epochs or reigns which have had a decisive influence on the progress of Europe. The author begins with a sketch of the state of European society in the fourteenth century; then takes up successively as subjects, Luther, Charles the Fifth, and the English reformation to the accession of Elizabeth; Henry the Eighth appearing as the principal figure, but neither Edward the Sixth nor Mary being overlooked. In like manner other distinctive subjects of an age—as the Revolution of 1688, or of men who stamped their character upon the age—as Cromwell, Louis the Fourteenth—are handled, down to Napoleon Bonaparte. With the fall of Bonaparte the expositional narrative terminates; but an appendix contains a chronological summary to 1854.

The divisions are broad and distinctive; the style clear, if it has not the rhetorical force or brilliancy of some modern historians or essayists: but the work would be improved for pupils if the facts were more numerous and specific. The old fashioned school-book may have been too full of dry particulars to impart interest: there is a tendency now, perhaps, to fall into the other extreme, and lose the specific in generals, not always to be grasped except by persons already acquainted with the subject.] *Spectator.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE FIFTH.

Grants, etc. from the Crown during the Reign of Edward the Fifth; from the original docket-book MS. Harl. 433; and two Speeches for opening Parliament, by John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Chancellor. With an Historical Introduction, by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Lond. and Newe. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

THERE is perhaps no portion of history which more fully exposes to view the hateful products of human depravity, reigning triumphant in the high places of the earth, than that of the sixteenth century—the period when in the words of an eloquent modern writer, “the sombre and sinister wisdom of Italian policy began to exercise its influence over the councils of the great—a policy of refined stratagem, of complicated intrigue, of systematic falsehood, of ruthless but secret violence.”* In Louis XI. we behold the very incarnation of avarice, perfidy, and cruelty. And if we turn to our own country, and its princes of the House of York, we discover the same exhibition of the worst corruptions of our nature. The graver crimes of Edward IV. were glossed over by his softer vices, his luxury, his indolence, and that specious good-nature which often accompanies the easy sensualist: these qualities, and an unwonted vigor on some great emergencies, conspired to impart an apparent prosperity and splendor to his career, and a transient success to his personal fortunes, but they were in fact hastening him to a premature death, and preparing the final ruin of the Plantagenets. His reign lasted for two-and-twenty years; but those two-and-twenty years were too brief a period for the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken—the consolidation of a new dynasty, which was not merely unsupported by foreign alliances, but, from his impolitic marriage, was regarded with jealousy and envy by the principal of the native nobility.

The two months of the reign of Edward V. form the catastrophe of the two-and-twenty years of Edward IV. All that he had built up for his family during those years was then suddenly thrown down. In an early age the world had been warned, for all future time—Put not your trust in princes, nor in any born of man; for when the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to the dust, and then all his thoughts perish. And never, since those words were uttered by the Psalmist of Israel, was their truth more fully manifested than in the termination of all the designs, the frustration of all the schemes, of this English monarch when the breath departed from his body.

Edward IV. owed his title to the crown to his grandmother the heiress of Mortimer, but

* Introduction to Sir. E. L. Bulwer's “Last of the Barons.”

his possession of it to his mother being a Neville. It was by the potent arm of her nephew, in whom the two great earldoms of Warwick and Salisbury, with the wealth of the Despensers earls of Gloucester, were centred, and by their influential party of which he was the leader, that Edward was raised to the throne. The young monarch was gay and gallant, and did not hasten to strengthen his position by marriage; nor were foreign princes desirous to form alliance with him, deeming it possible that the heirs of York and Lancaster might again change places, as before long they did. Moreover it has been suspected by some, and not without reason, that the earl of Warwick, though engaged in negotiating with foreign princes for the king's marriage, really intended that he should marry his own daughter, whom he subsequently gave to the duke of Clarence. However that may have been, nearly three years had elapsed since Edward's coronation, when he formed a sudden and secret marriage with the dowager lady Grey; and six years and a half more had elapsed before his eldest son was born. So that altogether, he remained for more than ten years without an heir male apparent, and when he died he left his heir at the tender age of thirteen. These circumstances formed the chief encouragement of his worthless and unprincipled brothers: they tempted on the treason of the perjured Clarence, and the usurpation of the sanguinary Gloucester.

What we know of the character of the queen and her relations is for the most part in their favor. The ladies were fair and virtuous, the men distinguished for their chivalry and their accomplishments; but they aggrandized the chief preferments of the day, and this of course in the eyes of their contemporaries and rivals was unpardonable. They were hated as upstarts and intruders, and relentlessly persecuted to destruction.

The queen, though born the daughter of an English knight, had a princess for her mother. John duke of Bedford, regent of France, the uncle of king Henry VI. had married for his second wife Jaquetta of Luxembourg, daughter of Peter comte de St. Pol; and that lady, being left a young widow, took for her protector Sir Richard Wydeville, who had been lieutenant of Calais when the duke of Bedford was captain of that town. He received the royal pardon for his matrimonial misdemeanor in 1437, and in 1448 was summoned to parliament as Lord Ryvers.* The duchess of Bedford lived to the year 1472.

* “It being,” adds Dugdale, “no name of any place, but of an antient family, sometimes Earls of Devon.” *Baronage*, ii. 230. We suspect, however, that another origin is to be looked for, and perhaps a continental one. Anthony lord Ryvers himself signs his name *Rivieres*: see the *Excerpta Histor-*

The duchess and lord Ryvers had a very numerous family, of whom the eldest daughter was Elizabeth, afterwards destined to captivate king Edward IV. She was married, at an early age, to John Lord Grey of Groby, and had already given birth to two sons, Thomas afterwards marquess of Dorset, and Richard, afterwards called the lord Richard Grey, before the death of her husband, which occurred in the first battle of St. Alban's, on the 17th Feb. 1460-1. He fell fighting on the Lancastrian side; and the anecdote is well known of the circumstances under which his widow was afterwards introduced to the sovereign of the house of York. The king was hunting in the forest of Whittlebury, when he turned for rest to Grafton House, an ancestral manor of the family of Wydeville, and then the residence of the duchess of Bedford and her husband the lord Ryvers. "The popular tradition of the neighborhood is, (as we are told by the county historian,*) that the lovely widow sought the young monarch in the forest for the purpose of petitioning for the restoration of her husband's lands to her and her impoverished children; and met him under the tree still known by the name of the Queen's Oak, which stands in the direct line of communication from Grafton to the forest, and now rears its hollow trunk and branching arms in a hedge-row between Pury and Grafton parks." Whatever were the circumstances of their introduction, the bargain was hastily concluded. It was on the morning of the first of May, 1464, that Edward again came early to the manor of Grafton, leaving his train at Stony Stratford, and was there privately married by a single priest, no other witnesses being present but the boy who served at mass, the duchess of Bedford, and two of her gentlewomen. In a few hours the king returned to Stratford, and retired to his chamber, as if he had been hunting, and fatigued with the exercise.—Shortly after, he invited himself to spend a few days with lord Ryvers at Grafton, and was splendidly entertained there for four days, but the marriage was still kept a profound secret; nor was it made known until the following Michaelmasday, when Elizabeth, being led by the duke of Clarence in solemn pomp to the church of Reading abbey, was declared Queen, and received the compliments of the nobility.

Elizabeth Wydeville, as we have already remarked, brought a large tribe of relations to share the honors and offices of the state. Besides her father and her two infant sons, she had five brothers:—1. Anthony; 2. John;

3. Lionel; 4. Edward; and 5. Richard; and five sisters: 1. Margaret; 2. Anne; 3. Jaquetta; 4. Mary; and 5. Katharine.

The greatest of the nobility were ready to take the sisters of the new queen in marriage. The festivities at Reading were not concluded before Margaret was wedded to the lord Maltravers, heir apparent of the earl of Arundel; 2. Anne was united shortly after to the lord Bouchier, heir apparent of the earl of Essex; 3. Jaquetta to the lord Strange of Knokyn; 4. Mary to the son and heir of lord Herbert, soon after earl of Pembroke; and 5. Katharine to the duke of Buckingham. This last marriage took place in Feb. 1465-6, according to William of Worcester, who says that "the king made the duke to marry the queen's sister, to the secret displeasure of the earl of Warwick:"* and it was in the following September, at Windsor, that the marriage was solemnized between the young lord Herbert and the lady Mary Wydeville, a daughter of lord Herbert being married at the same time to Thomas Talbot viscount Lisle; and upon that occasion the king made the said young Herbert a knight, and created him lord of Dunsterre, which was all "to the secret displeasure of the earl of Warwick and the magnates of the land."†

Thus were the ladies of the Wydeville family provided for; whilst their brothers were not less regarded, though they suffered more from the storms of the world. Of three of them we shall have more to say: of the third, Lionel, we need only remark, that, being bred to the church, he was made dean of Exeter, and afterwards bishop of Salisbury; and of Richard, the youngest, that, surviving the wreck of his family, he was restored to his father's earldom in the reign of Henry VII.

The first honors conferred on the queen's relatives were to grace her coronation, when her father was advanced to the degree of an earl, and the two eldest of her brothers were made knights of the Bath.

Lord Ryvers, the father, was a man of unquestionable merit and talents; he had already held several important offices, and had been elected a knight of the Garter, in the reign of Henry VI. A new career of prosperity opened to him under the rays of "the sun of York." On the 4th March, 1464-5, he was appointed lord treasurer, "to the secret displeasure of the earl of Warwick and the magnates of England, as Worcester repeats, in his favorite phrase; in 1467 he was made constable of England for life, with remainder to the lord Scales his son.

His eldest son Anthony had already been provided for in marriage with the heiress of the

* *Wilhelmi Wyrester Annales*, ad calc. Lib. Nigri (Hearne).

† *Ibid.*

ica, 1831, p. 242, and the *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi. p. 273. We find the father on one occasion signing *R. W. de Ryvers*. (Nichols's *Autographs*, 1829, plate 2.)

* *Baker's Northamptonshire*, ii. 179.

ancient barony of Scales, in whose right he was summoned to parliament. This had taken place in 1462, before the elevation of his sister. Sir John Wydeville, the second son, made a different match, and one that was considered to outrage decency, even at a time when marriages more or less unequal in point of age were not uncommon. Though a mere stripling, he became the fourth husband of the aged duchess of Norfolk, the grandmother of the existing duke.*

But the family of Wydeville was rudely shaken by the political tempest of the year 1469. At that period, the earl of Warwick, who had become much dissatisfied with the diminished share he now enjoyed in the counsels of the monarch whom he had raised to the throne, formed a scheme to recover his influence in the state by the removal of Edward, and the substitution of his next brother George. He had won the alliance of the latter prince by the offer of the elder of his two daughters, who were the presumptive heirs of his great possessions. A papal dispensation for the marriage of the duke of Clarence and the lady Isabella Neville was dated at Rome on the 14th March, 1469, and it was solemnized at Calais (where the earl of Warwick was captain) on the 11th of the following July, without the concurrence, and perhaps without the knowledge, of king Edward. At the same period public commotions were raised in England by the machinations of Warwick. On the 12th of July, the morrow of the marriage, in conjunction with the duke of Clarence and the archbishop of York (his own brother), he issued a manifesto† complaining of the king's government, which was compared to those of his unfortunate predecessors Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., and stigmatizing "the deceitful covetous rule and guiding of certain seditious persons, that is to say, the lord Ryvers, the duchess of Bedford his wife, sir William Herbert earl of Pembroke, Humphrey Stafford earl of Devonshire, the lords Scales and Audley, sir John Woodville and his brethren, sir John Fogg (who was treasurer of the king's household) and others of their mischievous rule, opinion, and assent." Nor was it long before this threatened vengeance fell upon several of the denounced favorites. A rebellious force from the North of England, under the command of sir John Conyers, defeated the earl of Pembroke at Edgecote near Banbury, and on the 27th July he and his brother sir Richard Herbert were beheaded at that town. One day before, an-

other of his brothers was slain at Bristol. The earl of Devonshire was taken in Somersetshire, and beheaded at Bridgewater on the 17th of August. And about the same time the lord treasurer himself, and his son sir John Wydeville, were seized in like manner, and beheaded at Northampton.* His son lord Scales and lord Audley narrowly escaped the like fate, for they were arrested in Wiltshire, and imprisoned in Wardour castle, but fortunately delivered by the aid of John Thornhill, a gentleman of Dorsetshire.† The duchess of Bedford was assailed by the diabolical weapon which had been formerly successfully employed against Alianor duchess of Gloucester, a "disclauder of witchcraft."‡

The king himself, being at Honiley near Warwick, was suddenly captured by the archbishop of York, carried a prisoner to Warwick castle, and for some time after detained at Middleham in Yorkshire. And then ensued one of those strange compacts, intended to patch up a peace between hostile families, by the prospective matrimonial alliance of their junior members, which were often attempted in the middle ages, but almost as often failed from an unforeseen change of circumstances. The Nevilles were scarcely content to be the second family in the kingdom; and, though the earl of Warwick had no son, and had already married one of his daughters to the duke of Clarence, yet the male heir of the house was his nephew George Neville, son of the earl of Northumberland — soon after created marquis Montacute. So, the king having as yet no son, the aspiring views of the house of Neville were now propitiated by an agreement that its heir should wed the king's eldest daughter, and thus (as one of the contemporary writers says) "by possibility should be king of England."§ The boy was at once exalted to the dignity of a duke, having the title of Bedford, which

* The accounts given of their deaths are obscure and contradictory. In some they are erroneously stated to have suffered with the earl of Pembroke, but they survived him for two or three weeks. — One authority (MS. Arundel. Coll. Arms 5) states that lord Ryvers and sir John Wydeville were beheaded at Kenilworth castle on Saturday before the Assumption, which would be on the 19th August. Mr. Baker in his pedigree of the family, quoting an Inquis. post mortem, places the earl's death on the 12th August, (also a Saturday). It is not improbable that he was arrested at the same time that the king was made a prisoner by the archbishop of York.

† Hearne's Fragment. Chron.

‡ This infamous charge was repeated in the act of settlement of the crown upon Richard and his issue passed, in his parliament: in which it was affirmed that "the pretended marriage" of Edward and Elizabeth was made "by sorcerie and witchcrafts, committed by the said Elizabeth and her moder Jaquett duchesse of Bedford, as the common opinion of the people and the publique voice and fame is thorough all this land." Rot. Parl. vi. 241.

§ Warkworth's Chronicle.

* William of Worcester places this occurrence in Jan. 1464-5. He calls the duchess "a lass of nearly eighty years of age," and terms it "a diabolical marriage, upon which the curse of Bernard was afterwards manifested."

† Printed in the notes to Warkworth's Chronicle (for the Camden Society).

had formerly belonged to the brother of Henry V. and which was still retained by the queen's mother, the widow of that prince. It is not apparent under what inducement the king consented to this arrangement. Either it was done in Warwick's absence, in the hope of dividing the family of Neville, and raising against him one that should supersede him in his own family — after the very policy of which he had set the example in his own trafficking with the king's brother, the unprincipled Clarence; and this, from the general characteristics of this treacherous age, and the subsequent vacillating conduct of Montacute, is not improbable. Or else the king acted entirely under restraint, at the dictation of the shortsighted ambition of the dominant peers. The duke of Bedford's patent bore date the 5th Jan. 1469-70. After his father's death, only fifteen months after, it became virtually a dead letter, and it was annulled by parliament in 1477.

Soon after this alliance with the Nevilles, the king escaped from his thralldom, and in the open battle-field his usual success did not desert him. In March, 1470, he defeated an insurrection in Lincolnshire, and thereupon Clarence and Warwick fled the kingdom. But now Warwick still further strengthened his hands by making peace with queen Margaret at Angiers, and bestowing his younger daughter on her son the Prince of Wales; and, having at the same time obtained the alliance of the French king, he effected the restoration of Henry of Lancaster, and Edward was for a season driven into banishment.

The sudden return of the "sun of York," in March, 1471, and the melting away of all Lancastrian opposition, during his march from the North to London, is a well known incident in the history of the period, more particularly from the circumstantial narrative of it which was the first production of the Camden Society. The battle of Barnet followed soon after, where the kingmaker and his brother Montacute were slain.

After that great deliverance and the consequent murder of the Lancastrian monarch, Edward IV. had a fresh season of undeserved good fortune, and the surviving members of the queen's family again shared in his prosperity. His seat was now strengthened by the existence of a son and heir, to whom the queen had given birth in the sanctuary at Westminster during his absence; and a few years later a second son was born, whom he created duke of York.* Anthony, the new Lord Ryvers, as uncle to the heir-apparent, became quite as important a person as his father had been, although it appears that he had some court jealousies to contend with, and was for some

time absent on those foreign pilgrimages which Caxton has commemorated. He resigned the reversion of the office of constable of England, to which he was entitled by his father's patent, in favor of the duke of Gloucester, and, after receiving the lucrative appointment of captain of Calais, which was granted to him for seven years, he relinquished that also, and it was conferred in (1471) on the lord chamberlain Hastings — an event which is thought to have originated bitter feelings between them. However, Ryvers acquired another great office, that of chief butler of England; and in 1473 he was appointed governor of the Prince of Wales, whose education he continued to superintend until after the king's death. In that capacity, on the prince's court being established at Ludlow, Ryvers had the chief control in the government of the principality of Wales.

So entirely was he placed on a par with princes, that, on the death of the duke of Burgundy in 1477, we read that the queen endeavored to put him forward as a competitor for the hand of the heiress of that country, in opposition to the duke of Clarence, who was then also a widower; and, though we might be disposed to set this down to idle surmise, it is certain that in Dec. 1482 ambassadors were specially sent to Scotland, in order to negotiate the marriage of earl Ryvers with the princess Margaret, sister to king James III.*

Sir Edward Wydeville, the next brother of the earl, followed his example, both as a gallant courtier and as an active servant of his sovereign. He was one of the knights for the king's body, was one of those knighted with the Prince of Wales in 1475, and as early as 1479 was proposed as a candidate for the order of the Garter, though he was not elected until the reign of Henry VII. He appears to have taken an active part in naval affairs, being governor of Portchester castle, and on the

* Dugdale states that Anthony earl Ryvers, besides the daughter and heir of lord Scals "had another wife called Mary, daughter and heir to Henry Fitz Lewes." *Baronage*, ii. 233; and according to Baker, she was afterwards married to sir John Neville, a natural son of the earl of Westmoreland (*Hist. of Northamptonshire*, iii. 166). Sir Harris Nicolas, in his memoir of the earl in *Excerpta Historica*, 1831, does not notice any other wife but the heiress of Scals. Mr. Nichols in the work before us (page x.) concludes that the earl must have been unmarried at the time of his death, or else the embassy to Scotland above mentioned could not have taken place so shortly before. His will, which is printed in the *Excerpta Historica*, seems to acknowledge distinctly three marriages: 1. "the lady Scals my fyrst wyfe;" 2. "the soules of my last wyfe lady Scals and Thomas hyr brother;" 3. he desires "that my wyfe have all such plate as was Henry Loves"—and "all such plate as was given hyr at oure mariage." It is evident, as Mr. Nichols remarks, that the pedigree of Wydeville in Baker's *Northamptonshire* is in various respects incorrect and imperfect.

* There was a third named George, who died an infant.

death of Edward IV. he took some of the king's ships to sea in order to command the Channel. Among one of the first measures taken by the duke of Gloucester on his arrival in London (as shewn in the book before us), was the despatch of other ships to oppose sir Edward Wydeville, and to arrest him if possible, but he effected his escape to the continent.

Having now passed in review the children of the queen's father, we come to her own. By her former husband she had two sons, Thomas marquis of Dorset and the lord Richard Grey.

Thomas Grey was created earl of Huntingdon in 1471, and marquis of Dorset in 1475, on the occasion of his brother the Prince of Wales being made a knight. He was elected a knight of the Garter in 1476. He enjoyed the office of constable of the Tower of London, and he availed himself of his position on the demise of Edward IV. to take possession of the royal treasure; but when the duke of Gloucester came upon the stage, Dorset, like his royal mother, took sanctuary, not, as it seems, with her at Westminster, but possibly at Ely, for Fabyan says of him that he "escapyd many wonderful daungers, both aboute London, Ely, and other places, whereof to write the maner and circumstance wolde aske a longe and greate leysur." No such narrative is known to be extant. However, after making some head in Yorkshire at the time of Buckingham's rebellion, he finally escaped the toils of his pursuers, and returned with Henry VII. from Brittany to end his days in peace.* He was the greatgrandfather of Lady Jane Grey.

His brother the lord Richard Grey was not so fortunate. He had lived as the intimate companion of his half-brother prince Edward, and his life was sacrificed in consequence. His name occurs in 1482-3 among the "council" of the prince of Wales. It does not appear that he was appointed to any specific office; nor do we find that he was provided for by marriage; but in 1482, on the settlement of the estates of the duchy of Exeter, the heiress of that dignity being destined for the eldest son of the marquis of Dorset, a certain portion of them was divided off for the benefit of the lord Richard. He was still in attendance on the young king, when proceeding to take possession of his throne; was arrested with lord Ryvers at Stony Stratford, and afterwards beheaded with him at Pontefract.

The matter of the duchy of Exeter, to which we have just alluded, forms a very curious chapter in the domestic policy of the queen. The original heiress was the only child of Henry Holand duke of Exeter, a staunch Lancastrian, by the lady Anne of York, one of the sisters of king Edward. The duke fought against the house of York at Wakefield and at

Towton, and then fled the country. He had not, it is evident, any friend in his wife, who suffered him to remain in exile, and Commynes tells us that he once saw him running barefoot after the duke of Burgundy, to solicit his charity. Meanwhile, various settlements of his estates upon Anne duchess of Exeter appear on the patent rolls; she was bringing up his only child, a daughter, and that daughter was contracted in marriage to the queen's eldest son. We again quote the curious chronicler William of Worcester: "In October 1466 (he says), there was a marriage at Greenwich between Thomas Grey the queen's son and the lady Anne daughter of the duke of Exeter, niece of the king, to the great secret displeasure of the earl of Warwick, because a marriage had been previously proposed between the said lady Anne and the son * of the earl of Northumberland, brother to the earl of Warwick; and the queen paid to the duchess for that marriage four thousand marks." The duchess of Exeter had herself found a substitute for her Lancastrian duke in a gallant Yorkist knight named sir Thomas St. Leger, whose name occurs in 1462 as one of the esquires for the king's body; and, though the date of her final divorce from the duke is so late as the 12th Nov. 1472,† it appears that she must have given birth to a second daughter before the year 1467; for, in the parliament then holden, an act was passed whereby this second Anne (for she had the same name as her mother and sister) was nominated heir to the duchy of Exeter, in default of issue of her elder sister;‡ It may be presumed that the elder sister had at that time fallen into a state of hopeless consumption, for she shortly after died. The duke returned to England to fight at the battle of Barnet in 1473, soon after which he was found a corpse upon the coast of Kent; and in 1475 the duchess also died. Another heiress had been found for the marquis of Dorset, namely, Cecily Bonville, daughter of lord Harington; but the queen did not withdraw her hold upon the duchy of Exeter. She soon was blessed with a grandson, and the younger heiress (Anne St. Leger) was now handed down one generation in the race of Grey, and destined to become the future wife of Thomas afterwards second marquis of Dorset. By an act of parliament passed in 1482, the estates of the duchy of Exeter were settled upon this projected marriage, a certain slice being at the same time apportioned off for the advantage of the queen's younger son the lord Richard Grey. On the 16th May, 1483, the council of the protector Gloucester directed "a lentre to the bisshope of Excestre to deliver the *Duchesse of Escestre* unto my lord

* The little duke of Bedford already noticed.

† Stowe's Chronicle.

‡ Rot. Parl. vi. 244.

of Buckingham," Gloucester taking the first opportunity to snatch this prize from the queen's family. By an act of Richard's parliament, the settlements made in favor of the heiress so singularly substituted were reversed, and in Nov. 1484 her father sir Thomas St. Leger was beheaded at Exeter. The *quondam* duchess was subsequently married to sir George Manners lord Roos, and it is in honor of the royal descent derived through her that the noble house of Manners displays on its shield a chief of France and England, and enjoys the title of Rutland once borne by her uncle Edmund of York, killed at the battle of Wakefield. That title (with the rank of earl) was first given to her son Thomas lord Roos by king Henry VIII. in 1525; and at the same time he bestowed the title of Exeter (with the rank of marquis) on Henry Courtenay earl of Devon, the grandson of king Edward IV. by his daughter Katharine.

Turning from this remarkable history — which has been developed for the first time by Mr. Nichols's researches, we may remark that king Edward was not less careful to provide for the future establishment of his own children. Alliances for the whole of his five daughters were contracted with the greatest princes of Europe: his eldest daughter Elizabeth, was betrothed to the dauphin of France; Cicely, the second, to James, heir-apparent of Scotland; Anne, to Phillip comte of Charolais, son of Maximilian archduke of Austria; Mary, to the king of Denmark; and Katharine, to the infante John of Castille. All these alliances were arranged between the years 1474 and 1479; and in 1481 the prince of Wales was affianced to Isabella daughter of Francis duke of Britany. To Richard duke of York, the king's second son, was given the only daughter and heiress of John Mowbray duke of Norfolk, the representative of one of the sons of king Edward III. The princely child was in consequence created duke of Norfolk, earl Marshal and Warren, with all other the concomitant dignities of that house; and the marriage was solemnized at Westminster in Jan. 1477 — "the said Anne being then of the age of six years," and her baby husband not more than three! And though this young bride died in the course of a few years, her widower retained possession of her estates, in derogation to the claims of her heirs of blood — a royal prerogative which had been previously exercised when the earldoms of Lincoln and Salisbury were attached to the house of Lancaster, although not inherited by right of blood from the old Lacies and Longespées. This arrangement, however, was not without its fatal consequences: for, though the lord Berkeley, one of the co-heirs of the house of Norfolk, was conciliated by the title of viscount in 1481, sir John Howard, a more able man, was thrown

into active opposition, and afterwards materially contributed to the setting aside of king Edward's children.

We have entitled this article "The Reign of Edward the Fifth," and yet we have nearly occupied our space by the occurrences of the reign of his father. As we have already remarked, the reign of Edward V. was little else than the destruction of the arrangements of Edward IV. The princesses, one and all, lost their promised husbands; both the princes their lives; the queen's brother and son were sacrificed; and all the inferior supporters of her party were prosecuted to their destruction.

The Editor of the book before us does not affect to offer any important new lights on the much-discussed character and conduct of the chief actor in these tragedies. He justly remarks that the best history of the period is that by Mr. Sharon Turner, who during a long life devoted to historical studies was particularly attentive to the career of Richard III. Mr. Nichols shows no ambition to add another name to the list of the paradoxical apologists of Richard; but he agrees in Mr. Sharon Turner's opinion that the usurper was carried beyond his first intentions, and attributes considerable influence to the ill advice of the duke of Buckingham. That nobleman had lived much about the court, whilst Gloucester was absent in the government of the North, and he was consequently able to convey false impressions and instil unjust suspicions of the designs of the king's maternal relatives.

Buckingham was deeply imbued with the evil ambition of the age, which the advantages of his birth and position had rather inflamed than satisfied. He was the representative of one of the sons of king Edward III. and one of the only two dukes, besides the dukes of York and Gloucester then living in England — the fourth being the duke of Suffolk, brother-in-law of the late king. Buckingham had married one of the queen's sisters; but that alliance seems to have failed to attach him cordially to her race. It had been the king's doing, not his own; and the pride of the Staffords was rather offended than flattered by such a connection. He had, however, a greater grievance. The Bohuns, of whom he was the heir, had held the great office of constable of England, which had been allowed by Henry VI. to his grandfather the former duke; but Edward IV. had given it, as we have already seen, successively to earl Ryvers and the duke of Gloucester. Since the death of Henry VI. Buckingham considered himself entitled to the entire inheritance of the Bohuns, which had been formerly divided between the house of Lancaster and his own, as representatives of the original coheirs; but such lands as had descended to Henry VI. were still retained by the Crown. To attain the accomplishment of

his claims, he resolved upon the death of Edward IV., to make immediate court to the duke of Gloucester: and the effect of his bargain was, to put it into a few plain words—"If you will make me Constable, I will make you King." This project was to that extent successful. It is matter of public and not secret history how actively Buckingham promoted the elevation of Richard to the throne, by his personal exertions in the city of London.

Richard also performed his part of the bargain. The duke of Buckingham takes quite the lion's share among the "Grants" recorded in the volume before us. The government of all Wales and the bordering English counties was at once placed in his hands; and no sooner was Richard fixed on the throne than he surrendered to his aspiring cousin the whole of the Bohun lands then remaining in the possession of the crown, and the much-coveted office of constable of England. Why Buckingham so soon and so suddenly started off from the usurper is not certainly known. So far as it appears, it was not the king's fault, but rather the duke's own overweening presumption. What more he could have desired, unless he actually aimed at the crown itself, it is difficult to imagine. Before his new acquisitions could be confirmed by parliament, he had rebelled, and paid the penalty of his rebellion. Though, as his act of attainder states, "now late daies standyng and beinge in as greate favoure, tender trust, and affection with the kynge our sovreigne lorde as ever eny subgiect was with his prynce and liege lorde, as was notariely and openly known by all this reame,—not being content therewith, ne with the good and politique governaunce of his said sovereign lorde, but replete with rancour and insatiable covetice," he rushed on to his destruction.

There were others besides Buckingham who had a keen eye to their own aggrandizement in the elevation of Richard. And foremost among them was John lord Howard, that "Jocky of Norfolk," who afterwards was faithful to Richard "to the death" on the field of Bosworth. We have already mentioned how Howard's claims as a coheir were, like Buckingham's, detained by the crown, and had been assigned to the maintenance of the late king's younger son. Howard, therefore, had a direct personal interest in setting aside the children of Edward IV.; and that interest was immediately gratified by the usurper, who at once made him duke of Norfolk and earl marshal, and his heir-apparent earl of Surrey. The claims of the other coheir were at the same time recognized by the viscount Berkeley being elevated to the dignity of earl of Nottingham, which had also belonged to the Mowbrays.

Nor was Richard unsupported by others of

the principal nobility. His brother-in-law the duke of Suffolk favored his claim; and when he assumed the throne, by taking his seat upon the marble chair in Westminster hall,* he was supported by the duke of Suffolk as well as the new duke of Norfolk, one on either hand. Edward Grey lord Lisle, the queen's brother-in-law, also took part with the usurper, and was rewarded by being raised to the dignity of a viscount. The earl of Northumberland, with whom Richard had been associated in the north of England, espoused his cause, and conducted a military force to London to support it. The rest of the old nobility acquiesced in his conduct, if they did not abet it. The queen's friends were at once silenced and crushed; and it was not long before her princely boys were also sacrificed to the fears of the usurper, though when that crime was accomplished is a mystery which no historic research is probably destined to reveal.

Of Richard's favorite ministers, Lovell, Catesby, and Radclyffe, the two former occur in the present book as having received early promotion whilst their master was as yet Protector. To Lovell was given the castle and honor of Wallingford, and the office of chief butler of England, which had belonged to earl Ryvers. He afterwards became chamberlain of king Richard's household. Catesby was made chancellor of the earldom of March.

The incidents that belong to the usurpation of the throne by Richard are better known to our historians than those which attended his assumption of the office of Protector, of which no authentic record has been preserved. All that is known is, that he assumed the office, but how or when we are not informed. Mr. Sharon Turner was of opinion that Gloucester received his authority as Protector from a parliament of which the journals have been lost. He was led to form this supposition from the Croyland historian's phrase in *senatu*, when speaking of a discussion relative to the removal of the young king from the bishop of London's palace to the Tower (but which phrase must clearly be understood as implying a council only), and from having found among the Cottonian MSS. "a speech delivered from the throne, to the three estates of the kingdom, as assembled in parliament, in the name of Edward V. and in his presence, as also before the duke of Gloucester." From the dates of certain documents that historian was further induced to assign this supposed meeting of parliament to the 19th of May, and to conjecture that the protectorate was inaugurated upon that day. Mr. Nichols (p. xiii.) has now ascertained, from the Patent Roll of this reign, that the office of Protector had been assumed by the duke of Gloucester at least so early as

* This remarkable incident is recorded by the continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland.

the 14th of the month; and, as for any meeting of parliament, it is clear that none took place.* Writs for a parliament were issued in the name of Edward V. on the 13th of May, and it was to assemble after the customary interval of six weeks, viz. on the 25th of June; and the coronation of the young monarch was appointed to be celebrated two or three days before; but by that time Richard had matured his measures for seizing the throne, and the preparations for both solemnities were deferred, to be resumed only for the sake of the new monarch.

The speech to which Mr. Sharon Turner referred is a very curious example of the politico-religious composition of an episcopal chancellor in the fifteenth century, and it is very carefully edited by Mr. Nichols in the present volume. It exists in three different states, or, to speak more precisely, the Chancellor sat down to his task at three several times, still working, in some measure, on the same materials. First, he wrote a speech for the intended parliament of Edward V.; this is complete, but, as we have already seen, was never delivered. He next prepared a speech to open the parliament of Richard III., which it seems was originally intended to assemble on the 11th of November, 1483; this composition is imperfect, as it is probable that the meeting of parliament was again deferred before the right reverend chancellor had finished his composition. His third essay was actually delivered on the 23d of January following, as is proved by an abstract of his argument entered upon the parliament roll; but the speech itself is preserved only in an incomplete state.

It is a point very strongly urged by Mr. Sharon Turner as one of the motives by which Richard was instigated, if not coerced, to set aside his nephew, that his authority as protector would have terminated with the young king's coronation, when he might have found himself in a situation of personal peril. But a passage of lord chancellor Russell's speech conveys a very different impression:—

In the meane tyme, (he says,) tylle ryphenesse of yeres and personelle rule be, as by Godys grace they must onys be, concurrente togedyr,

* The act of settlement of the crown passed in 1 Ric. III. recites the contents of "a rolle of percheмент," requesting the duke of Gloucester to accept the crown, which was presented "on the behalve and in the name of the thre estates of this Reame of Englonde, that is to wite, of the Lordes Spiritualls and Temporalls and of the Commons," but proceeds to state that the said three estates were not assembled in form of parliament, which made it then necessary to pass an act confirming what had been done. Rot. Parl. vi. 240.

The power and auctorite of my lord protector is so behoffalle and of reason to be assented and established by the auctorite of thys hyghe courte, that amonges alle the causes of the assemblynge of the parliamente yn thys tyme of the yere, thys ys the grettest and most necessarye furst to be affirmed.

When this was written the chancellor knew that Edward's coronation was intended to be solemnized before the meeting of parliament; if then the "authority of the lord protector" was to be "established" by the parliament, after the coronation, it is evident that Mr. Sharon Turner's view of the supposed effect of the latter ceremony must be incorrect.

As a further specimen of the chancellor's harangue, we add one other remarkable passage:—

I see the policie of thys Reme in the tyme of holdyng of parliametes grettly correspondente to the same maner of the Romanes. Thys ys ther howse of the senate. The commons have ther apart. And lyke as yn thys house one *tanquam consul* makithe the questions, soo yn the lower howse in lyke wyse alle ys directed by the speker *quasi per tribunum*. Valerie in the seconde boke of the memorabile dictes and dedys of Rome rehersythe that, thowe the Tribunes of the people might not presume to entre withyn the courte of the Senatours, yet schulde they have setes withoute to examine what were decryd by the nobles, suche decrees to be not avayleable unto the tyme they were ratified by the people. See the passynge of every act made in a parliament, and alle is oo thyng, that that the Romaynes did in ther tyme, and that that we do nowe in thys the kynges most hyghe and soverayne courte. *Audiunt insule, attendunt populi de longe*. The princes and lordes have the fyrst and principalle undrestondynge and knowlege of every gret thyng necessarye to be redressed, the lower people and commons herkene and attende upon them. And when they agre eche to other [in their acts, then no] thyng can be better

The MS. Harl. 433, from which the text of this volume of the Camden Society is derived, is one of the most valuable authorities for the reign of Richard III., and as such has already been published to a slight extent by Rymer, and employed by Mr. Sharon Turner and our other historians; and we think that the Camden Society cannot devote itself to a better object than that of printing a further selection from it, accompanied by indexes as complete as those given in the present volume, for by that means alone can a variety of minute and multifarious particulars be rendered easy of reference, and thus eventually fall into their proper places in history and biography.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DEMON-ORACLE OF CEYLON.

THE Singhalese inhabitants of Ceylon profess the Buddhist religion. As this, however, is too cold a faith to exercise much influence on any people, they have added to it a multitude of superstitions, the greater part of which has been borrowed from the natives of India. Of these, one of the most interesting is that of the demon-oracle, or *dehwahe*. The affair is not carried to such an extent as about Bombay, yet it exercises a constant sway over the people. The belief on which it is based is simply this—that demons, some good and some bad, generally the spirits of long-departed kings, enter temporarily the bodies of men, and thence utter oracular responses. At each village, therefore, there is a demon-temple, or *dehwahe*. On Wednesday, the people assemble there; the prophet, called *kapoorable*, puts on the dress and ornaments of the god he is about to invoke; dances wildly to the sound of stormy music, amidst the burning of fragrant gums; gives oracular answers to the questions put to him; and at last falls into a deep swoon. There can be no doubt that the prophets themselves are sometimes enthusiasts rather than deceivers. A friend of mine saw such an one quake and grow pale, when asked to put on the dress in order that he might be sketched; in fact, he would only put on the various articles of costume successively, saying that if he wore all at once, the god would punish him for doing so at any time except during the regular ceremonial.

The following is an account of a visit paid to the *dehwahe* of a very small village; it is extracted from a private journal:—This being Wednesday, there was of course a meeting at the *dehwahe*. Looked in during the forenoon; the *kapoorable* was standing inside, the door being open. His long dishevelled hair hung down his back; the head had a constant jerking motion from side to side. At short intervals, he uttered convulsive shrieks and sobs, or, looking upwards, hissed out the sound 'Hush! hush!' in a very peculiar tone: this evidently was a call to the spirit. After a time, the bangles (bracelets) of the goddess were placed on his wrists; he then began to shake his hands violently, and to yell, and after a little while turned round. I observed that his face and arms were daubed here and there with turmeric, and that his eyeballs were turned upwards, so that the pupils were invisible. His first query was:

"Why has the raja [myself] come?"

"To see you," replied the headman of the village.

"That is well." After that he—or, as the natives would say, the goddess through him—talked a good deal about the said raja. At last a man, carrying a sick child, stepped forward, and mentioned the disease under which it was laboring.

"I will cure it!" was uttered, and papa went off contented. Some other sick persons appeared, and received similar comfort.

The more important ceremony, however, was to come off in the evening; and as I had signified my intention to be present, the villagers

arranged everything as comfortably as they could. Till ten or eleven o'clock, there was drizzling rain; and soon after, the hurly burly began. On reaching the spot, I found six or eight musicians with drums, tam-tams, and cymbals. They kept time admirably; and to the sound of their own sweet strains leaped about with the agility and grace of so many giant frogs. The *kapoorable* was so long of bedizening himself, that the *kohrahle* (petty chief,) in the most disrespectful way, ordered the goddess to appear forthwith; and all the tam-tams gave a ruff that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. I bore it with heroic patience. In the meantime, we heard, inside the *dehwahe*, the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounds of other instruments, interrupted now and then by shrieks of maniacal laughter. At last the prophet appeared. On his arms were the inspiring bangles, and in each hand he carried a piece of colored cloth, folded up like a fan: with considerable ingenuity, he had made out of various colored cloths a sort of flounced gown, somewhat like the dress occasionally seen on Malabar women. The upper part of his body was uncovered, and his long hair unbound; the nether-integuments consisted of long tight drawers. As he came out, the *kohrahle*, begging pardon, said that it was very unlucky to remain seated. I explained, that being of another religion, I could not in any way be affected; but he looked so distressed, that I stood up. However, the goddess settled the matter by saying that the raja might sit; and sit he did.

The tam-tams now recommenced, and the *kapoorable* began dancing, after the native manner, moving in a circle, with sidelong strides advancing his hands, with an undulating snake-like motion of the arm. When a quicker tune was played, he suited himself to the measure, executing a figure not unlike the 'one two, three, and a hop of dancing school-days. In the height of his antics, the goddess, to my surprise and amusement, called most importantly for beetel, the native substitute for tobacco; and as none was forthcoming, alluded to that creature-comfort in terms of marked reprobation of the bystanders. At last a quid was stuffed into her prophet's mouth; and after he had been well rubbed down—good cause was there for that—the dancing went on with as great vigor as ever. Occasionally, the man would stop, and looking upwards, utter the peculiar hissing sound previously mentioned; and I observed, that however violently the head might be shaken from side to side, it seemed to have no forward or backward motion at all. At one time, an amusing strife arose between the tam-tam beaters and the goddess. According to the figure, the former were to walk backwards in a circle, while she constantly advanced towards them; now the musicians declared, that on no account could they turn their backs towards the raja. The goddess remonstrated; and the matter was at last settled by a smaller circle, at some little distance, being formed, and by the tam-tam beaters begging pardon each time they passed my chair of state. I sat it out for about two hours, in order to see the swoon at the conclusion, being determined to feel the man's pulse at the time;

but learning that the prophet intended to exhibit his activity so long as I remained, I took pity on him, and went off to bed, soon after which the crowd dispersed.

I should have observed, that the kapoorahle's whole frame was occasionally convulsed with a curious quivering motion, which it would be extremely difficult to imitate in cold blood. When a kapoorahle dies, it is the demon itself which selects the new prophet. The natives have considerable faith in the responses, although I have heard some of them say with a smile: 'Sometimes

things happen as was foretold.' As to the dancing being involuntary, a good many are somewhat sceptical; yet, when disaster threatens their own families, one and all rush to the dehwalie. A long and painful discussion has been going on for some time in Ceylon, regarding the appointment of persons to manage the land belonging to these demon-temples. Government insists upon having a more or less direct influence on these elections, and the opposing party maintains that a Christian government should not have anything to do with such matters at all.

HAY ON ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN.*

[This pamphlet supplies one more illustration of the principle which Mr. Hay has so ingeniously, zealously, and consistently advocated. We have stated that principle oftener than once, but must do so again to render the subject intelligible. Mr. Hay conceives, first, "that the eye estimates proportions, not by distance, but by angular direction;" and second, that the scale of such angles which produces the highest harmony in nature, and which has been, and may be, used for producing a like harmony in all branches of formative art, is one which, "taking the right angle as a fundamental angle, and dividing it upon the quadrant of a circle by the numbers 2, 3, 5, and 7" may receive "the nomenclature of the diatonic scale of musical notes, with which they correspond in their numerical relations;" in other words, that the principle of harmony in sight and in sound is one and the same. In the present instance, Mr. Hay refers to his exemplification of this theory in the Parthenon, and applies it to the East front of Lincoln Cathedral and the East portico of the temple of Theseus; of which he thus produces diagrams approximating in general proportion to the originals, and which the author believes to be almost exact, but not yet strictly tested by actual admeasurement. Mr. Hay starts by saying that he does not assume that the proportional science in question was prepensely exemplified by the architect of the cathedral; but he considers that, as its proportions yield an harmonious effect, an analysis of them will reduce them to the same law. This appears a wise limitation. Afterwards, however, the enthusiasm of a theorist seems to prevail; and Mr. Hay deduces, with sweeping hand, the "probabilities" that the law was knowingly exemplified; that the secret of the mediæval free-masons was this identical law, and nothing else; that sculpture of the same period was, through ignorance of the law, "paltry in composition and puerile in conception,"—expressions not a little out of place, and which he afterwards, on remonstrance from others, verbally withdraws; that Moses, to whom the free-masons trace their secrets, promulgated the system de-

scribed; and that, as both he and Pythagoras were educated in Egypt, he reasoned from "the same law of nature which constituted the foundation of the Pythagorean philosophy." These are intangible speculations, which do not appear to us likely to forward the recognition of the theory upon which Mr. Hay has expended a conspicuous amount of thought and labor.

Spectator.

THE FLEAS IN CALIFORNIA.—In the course of my experience I have been tortured by sandflies in the Eastern Archipelago, and have made acquaintance with every kind of mosquito, from Malta to Acapulco, including, of course, the famous "tiger" breed, against which there is no resource but flight. I remember that, when sick at Hong-Kong, I was crammed into the cabin of an old store-ship, so full of cockroaches, and these so ravenous, that they kept my toe-nails quite close every night, and would even try the flavor of the top of my head, and when they found that to be all bone, they ate my hair and whiskers, the last circumstance being very annoying, from the fact that whiskers were scarce with me in those days. But I would have preferred any of these annoyances to the attack of those Santa Rosa fleas.—On lighting a candle we found the place alive with them. Unlike, both in appearance and manner, the modest flea of ordinary life, that seeks concealment as soon as by accident it is unearthed, these insects, reared in the rough school of a wild bullock's hide, boldly faced as they attacked us. We discovered the next day that the room, the floor and walls of which were of earth, had contained hides, and had been cleared out for the purpose of our accommodation.

In another place he tells us:—

Fleas not only abound in the skins of every beast you kill, but even live on the ground, like little herds of wild cattle; and ants are of all shapes and sizes, and stand up savagely on their hind legs, and open their mouths, if you only look at them. The wasps attack any meat that may be hanging up, and commence at once cutting out small pieces, which they carry home; and it is astonishing the quantity they will carry away with them. What they do with it when they get home, I never ascertained; but I presumed that they "jerked" it for winter use, as the Spaniards do.—*Mountains & Molehills.*

*The Harmonic Law of Nature applied to Architectural Design. By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. Read at a Meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 13th November 1854. Published by Blackwood and Sons.

From the Critic.

GERARD DE NERVAL.

In one of the most wretched streets of Paris, where only the lowest and the poorest are to be found, a man was found hanged about a fortnight ago. It was the poor, misguided, but gentle Gérard de Nerval, one of the sweetest poets and writers of the day. Of him, too, De Mirecourt has written, and in a genial mood. It will console now, no doubt, to know that he said nothing harsh of the poor poet when he was alive.

Gérard de Nerval was born in 1808. His father was an officer under the Empire, and his first instructor. At college Gérard greatly distinguished himself, and gave evidence of the possession of undoubted genius. At eighteen he had translated "Faust" into French; and his translation is still the best in that language. "This translation is a very prodigy of style," said Goethe to Eckermann, who rather underrated it. "Its author will become one of the most pure and elegant writers of France." "Think you so?" said Eckermann confounded. "Think I so! you have not read the book then?" "I confess, master, that the age of the translator has inspired me with some distrust." "Well, but you are wrong. I do not like 'Faust' in German; but in this translation all proceeds with freshness and vigor. I feel proud to think that my book is improved in a language over which Voltaire reigned for fifty years. I repeat, this young man will distinguish himself!" High praise this from so great a master.

"Gentle as a lamb, timid as a young girl," says De Mirecourt, "Gérard never spoke of himself. He blushed when any one spoke of his works with praise. He thought himself the humblest and the last among the combatants in the great arena of letters." He was wayward, however, as it often happens with genius. "He might have been rich," says Jules Janin; "but, through taste, through passion, through instinct, he never ceased to lead the life of the poorest of devils." There is much in his life which cannot be palliated. He was in truth a vagabond of the first order, possessed, at the same time, of excellent qualities of heart. It was his misfortune to be placed under evil influences. De Mirecourt gives a droll account of his residence in Cairo, where he purchased a wife. His knowledge of the Turkish was confined to the word *tayeb* — equivalent to the *goddam* of Figaro; and all his tawny wife could say was *mafisch* — a universal No. He was glad to pay six hundred francs to get rid of her.

Gérard passed the night of the 23d January last in a *cabaret*, among not the best of company, preparing an article for the *Revue de*

Paris. The place was entered by the police, and Gérard, with others, was taken to the *violon*, or lock-up house. His friend, M. Millot, saw him the next morning, when he was liberated, cold, hungry, penniless, without a cloak to protect him from the inclemency of the weather; for, his cloak he had pawned for bread. He stood before his friend an object of misery. An affecting account of the meeting, and the sad end of the poor misguided man, is given in the *feuilleton* of *L'Indépendance Belge*: —

"My poor Gérard, you are dying of cold!" "No," said the poet, shivering, "but I am hungry."—"Ah, well, let us breakfast. Will you go to the café?" "Ah, no, I can't go there now; I shall go there this evening at dusk, for since I have sent my mantle to the Mont-de-Piété, I am"—"I understand," said M. Millot, "you would not like any of your friends to know that you are cold: you were always a child, my poor Gérard." "Yes, a child, you are right. The poor children! There were three they had picked up, who were with us in the *violon*. If you but knew what indifference! 'Don't go to sleep,' they said to us, 'for if you do, they will find you frozen to death in the morning.' Well, to prevent themselves falling to sleep, these poor children sang and told tales, and played at *cache-cache*. I played with them. It is astonishing. One of them sang an old song, which I have not heard since twenty years ago. I finished by falling asleep, for one habituates himself to live anywhere, but I was very cold when I awoke, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world in writing to you."—"I thank you for thinking of me, my dear Gérard. Do you continue to visit your father?" "Yes, but since I have pawned my mantle I cannot go and see him, for fear of vexing him." . . . The two friends went to a restaurateur's. He breakfasted, talking the while of the book he had just begun *La Réve et la Vie*. "I am in despair," he said, sadly; "I have ventured upon an idea where I am lost. I have passed entire hours to recollect myself. I shall never finish it. Believe me, I can scarcely write twenty lines a day." And his figure expressed the most profound despair. . . . It was six o'clock in the morning. No doubt he had passed the night wandering about the streets, not daring to enter any of the night-houses in terror of the *violon*, not having the wherewithal to pay for a bed. He had only two sous remaining, and he could choose between a glass of brandy, which would bring him to himself, or a cord which would carry him farther into the darkness which he had invaded. He chose a cord.

Poor Gérard de Nerval! Let us charitably believe that lunacy, which had more than once attacked him in the course of his life, had once more visited him and unsettled his reason, before he yielded to despair, and left his friends to mourn his fate.

From The Athenæum.

SCOTT AND "MOREDUN."

Those who have read the narrative of the alleged discovery in Paris of a manuscript romance of Sir Walter Scott, contained in the *Journal des Débats* of the 15th and 27th of December, 1854, will no doubt concur with me in denying any authenticity to that work if I can demonstrate that Miss Anne Scott *never did possess* any such manuscript of her father's; and even had it been otherwise, that no one acquainted with the character and peculiarity of the existing circumstances at the time of Sir Walter Scott could suppose him capable of making so preposterous a use of one of his unpublished manuscripts as he is there stated to have done.

To establish these facts, therefore, I shall have, in the first place, to advert to some circumstances occurring at the time of Sir Walter's involvement in the unexpected failure of Mr. Constable, the publisher of his works. That that catastrophe was an overwhelming surprise to Sir Walter himself I have good reason to remember, as the day before its announcement to him he returned to Edinburgh from Abbotsford; and, as was his wont on these occasions, dined and passed the evening at my house in his usual light-hearted spirits and gaiety, unaware of the coming evil which awaited his arrival at home. Next morning, before day-break, I was roused by a note from my friend, requesting me immediately to come to him. On reaching his room, I found him immersed among stores of papers, which he had been all night engaged in examining and arranging. He accosted me in these words: "Here I am, Skene, reduced to beggary."—"How and by whom?" I asked in surprise.—"By printers, publishers, and bankrupts, who thus victimize us poor authors. Sad it is; nevertheless, I have but one course, and must now, while life lasts, strive and labor to work myself out of it; and here," pointing to his library table crowded with manuscripts, "is, I think, *every scrap of composition or notes I possess*,"—and these shall be forthcoming as speedily as I can manage to prepare and dispose of them in any quarter to lessen this burden." And, accordingly, within the year, from that time he managed to throw into the account for the liquidation of the debt, from that source alone, about 20,000*l.* sterling, continuing, year after year, with unremitting labor and fidelity, to discharge this sad duty, so long as his much over-worked strength could sustain the effort. He was not the man, therefore, under the pressure of such circumstances, to neglect or divert any of his compositions admitting of profitable use, such as the manuscript in question attributed to his pen, and stated to have been thrown away for a purpose so utterly ridiculous, at a time when claims existed in discharge of which his high sense of honor engaged him to disregard the sacrifice of health and life. Besides, that a distinguished author, jealous as Sir Walter was to a high degree, of his literary reputation, should consent to place in the hands of an unknown and seemingly not very sane foreigner an unpublished work stated to extend to three volumes, which this stranger might dispose of at

pleasure, is a tale too preposterous for belief. Of the same incredible character, also, is the explanation given in the *Journal des Débats* how Miss Anne Scott came to be made the medium of this very questionable transaction; and had she been still in life, it is more than improbable that any such scheme would ever have been attempted in the face of her evidence, but fortunately an evidence nearly equivalent exists in that of her near relative, the constant, affectionate, and confidential companion of Miss Scott, from childhood to the close of her life. Sir Walter's niece lived much in the family, and with reference to the subject in question, writes as follows, of date 17th of February, 1855;—"As to the mendacious attempt lately noticed in the newspapers, soon after our dear friend Mr. Lockhart was no longer here to contradict and expose it, I know the whole so well to be a fabrication that I fancied, as my conviction, that the whole world did so too. During the months that I was with my cousin Anne at Abbotsford, immediately before their journey to London and Paris, I am quite certain that *she possessed no such manuscript*. We were affectionate and perfectly confidential with each other, shared the same room, and were never apart; and I can recollect conversations which would have led to the circumstance of the manuscript had it existed. On their return from Paris in spring, 1818, I accompanied them from Cheltenham to Scotland; and remained at least a year with them. The visit to Paris was often talked of by Anne, all the people they saw there, and among the rest Mr. Spenser was spoken of both by Uncle Walter and her, but no such thing was ever mentioned as a manuscript having been given to him. The idea of Uncle Walter giving away his writings, at a period when I know that he was working early and late to forward the then great object of his life,—the clearing off the entanglements consequent on Mr. Constable's failure is quite inconceivable. I have the impression as I write now as fresh on me, as if long years had not slipped away, that before they went to London and Paris Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, being at Abbotsford, urged Anne and I to write a story for his *Mag.*, as he called his Magazine; now if such a manuscript as Anne is supposed to have possessed had existence, we would certainly have examined it on that occasion—but its absence only certified the proverb that "*a lie has no feet*." Again, how could Anne come to be carrying a great manuscript with her on her visit to Paris? It could not have been with any intention of giving it to Mr. Spenser, whom she had never seen or probably heard of, before that visit, being quite unknown to her. Anne I knew possessed no desk in which such a manuscript might have been lying, and so accidentally taken with her to Paris;—she had merely a writing-book when she left home, and she could have had no end or purpose in incumbering herself with a voluminous manuscript. So incredible does the story appear to me that, although I ought not to deal in surmises, I cannot think that foreigners alone would have ventured on this, and how sad if any man of real talent has in any way lent himself to such a purpose."

As to the pretended letter of Sir Walter Scott's

accompanying the manuscript, it in no respect resembles his epistolary style,—and the clumsy device of substituting the initials W. S. (which he never used) instead of his accustomed signature, only shows that the fabricator wisely avoided trenching on the confines of forgery.

JAMES SKENE.

Oxford, Feb. 26.

On seeing in your columns a note from Mr. Skene, of Rubislaw, expressing some doubts of my existence, I wrote to that amiable and accomplished gentleman, for whose opinions in general, and especially on any matter relating to Sir Walter Scott, I have the highest respect,—and received by return of post a delightful answer, in which he tells me he intends writing to you fully on the "Romance of Moredun," and I dare say you will soon hear from him, if you have not already done so. It is strange that the uncertainty as to each other's being numbered among the living was mutual, for some dozen years ago I had heard a false report of Mr. Skene's death.

He was the most cherished and confidential friend of Scott from the year 1796 to his last hour; and as I doubt not he will conduct it triumphantly, I shall leave to him the argument against the genuineness of these manuscripts from external evidence. Mr. Skene will, I am confident, show how utterly impossible it is that such a stain could be attached to the fair fame of my illustrious friend as would be implied by the mere conjecture (not to say belief) that he had made a gift in 1826 of a tale in three volumes to Mr. Spenser, or any other person, just after he had formed the stern resolution of consecrating to the payment of his gigantic debt the profits of every line he had written, or might in future, by the extremest tension of his strong mind, produce. All the world knows (or ought to know) how successfully for the creditors, though fatally for himself, he carried that resolution into effect.

My opinion of "Moredun," however, from the internal evidence of the handwriting, may, I hope, be regarded as *ex cathedra*, as I transcribed for the press 34 vols. of Scott's then anonymous writings, down to the first 2 vols. of the "Life of Napoleon," when Scott's avowal of the authorship rendered it no longer necessary to withhold

the original manuscript from the hands of the compositors.*

I have now seen three pages in fac-simile of "Moredun"—the letter beginning "My dear W. S." and signed "W. S."—the notice prefixed—and a page from the body of the tale. The first is a very clever *contresfacon*,—but I may remark, parenthetically, that the beginning and end have the least *vraisemblance*, as Sir Walter never addressed any one by their initials, and, as Mr. Skene truly remarks, never signed his own only. Many of the letters are too tall, and some not formed after Sir Walter's fashion,—one especially is *always* written in a manner in which I am quite certain there will not be found one example in the numerous manuscripts of the novels and tales now dispersed over the world. This is still more obvious in the page from the tale itself, and is alone quite sufficient to condemn the whole mass of papers;—three volumes which must have cost the real author many a "midnight vigil," as he had set himself the task not only of *composing* but of *writing*, like the dead giant! The little I have seen of the style and sentiments is not more in accord with Scott's than the writing; for example, it is most improbable that he would have said in a short introduction, "Dante's only object is to interest," for he did not much relish the great Italian, who was too mystical and theological for one of the most picturesque and descriptive of poets. But I shall now leave this strange imposture to share the fate of the volume of letters by Shelly and Byron, which you will remember was some years ago actually printed and published; though that was a far superior *contresfacon*, even the foreign postmarks on the letters having been imitated *à merveille*!

GEORGE HUNTLY GORDON.

March 1.

* M. Cabany, in his letter in the *Athenaeum* of the 10th of February, does not seem to understand why Sir Walter employed an amanuensis! The "name full of L's" was William Laidlaw, who wrote from Scott's dictation ("the Great Unknown" being too unwell to hold a pen) two of his most splendid romances, "The Bride of Lammermoor," and relieved occasionally by John Ballantyne, nearly the whole of "Ivanhoe." Afterwards, the only amanuensis had "a name full of G's" (as M. Cabany says), that of the undersigned.

The Institute of British Architects, at a special general meeting of the members, on Monday, the 26th inst., unanimously resolved to recommend to the Queen, that the royal gold medal for the present year should be conferred on M. Hittorff, architect, Member of the Institute of France, and Honorary and Corresponding Member of the Institute of British Architects. This nomination is as creditable to this Institute, as it must be gratifying to the French school, to see the merits of one of its most distinguished artists recognized and honored by their foreign professional brethren.

The Principles of Coloring in Painting. By Charles Martel.

[A little pamphlet-volume, seemingly got up with an express view to its practical use by painters themselves, as it is published by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, the artists' colormen. It is founded on Chevreul's book upon the laws of color, especially in simultaneous contrast, recently published in an English rendering by Mr. Martel; and is done with discretion, and in a workmanlike style.] *Spectator*.

From the Eclectic Review.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, together with tour to the Hebrides. Edited by the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker. London: J. Murray.

WHILE most people in the present day admit Dr. Johnson's power as a whole, and grant him to be an honest, fearless, and warm-hearted man, much prejudice exists against his peculiar notions and feelings in reference to Christianity, as well as against his critical character and achievements. We propose trying to set the public mind right so far as our power extends, upon both these topics.

And first, as to his Christianity, it is called "gloomy," "bigoted," "morose," "superstitious," and so forth. Now, it is singular that no one says that *he himself* was morose. He was, on the contrary a "fine old fellow," very irritable, very pompous, and at times very savage; but full of kindness, of jocularities, of sociality, a warm friend and a pleasant companion, whose great delight was in clubs; in short, as he said himself, "a very clubbable man." He had indeed, his gloomy hours; but that these sprang principally from his religion we do not believe. They sprang from his temperament, and from the deep views his intellect took of the miseries of human life. He saw and felt more thoroughly than most, even of wise men, the unsatisfactoriness of earthly enjoyments—the emptiness of earthly honors—the shortness of earthly life—the insincerity and deceitfulness of the human heart—and the reality, the uniform pressure, and the terrible mysteriousness of the woes of the world. He "sat in the centre," and how could he "enjoy bright day?" He spake as he saw. His temperament did, indeed, somewhat discolor his perceptions; but it did not alter or impair them. It was not his fault that made to his view

"The sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom."

Nor is this estimate altogether untrue, although it be partial. Of course, when a being so shadowy as temperament holds the scales, it is difficult to strike the balance between the bright and the dark view of things. But we suspect that Johnson and John Foster arrived, by different roads, to a tolerably correct conception of the truth. Happiness exists here only in dim embryo and half developed bud. Our pleasures are often felt, at the very moment of their enjoyment, to be delusions; our sorrows seldom. Life in all cases begins with the wail of a mother's and a child's anguish, and ends in the apparent defeat of death. Many hours want their pleasures; scarce one is free from its anxieties. Most of our misery springs, it may be said, from ignorance. Be it so. But since our ignorance is so great, how great must be our misery. And even when our knowledge is increased, how true the words of the wise man,—*"He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."*

Johnson set himself most determinedly against all cant; and one cant he found especially prevalent, and with it he fiercely warred,—the cant of happiness, or to express it more accurately

in one of his own Brobdingnagian words, the cant of "felicitation." Many people he found perpetually shouting "Optime!"—if we are not happy, we should be; all is for the best, and after all drawbacks and deductions are made, is not this a very comfortable little world on the whole, if not exactly, as Leibnitz asserts, "*the best of all possible worlds*?"—Johnson says, emphatically, "No; *this world is not happy.* We are not happy. It is, indeed, in a measure, our own blame; but still, there is the fact, account for it as you may. Man is far from happy; and were he crowned with a crown of stars, and given the milky way for a sceptre, he would continue far from happy still, there is only one thing that ever can make him even approximately happy here, and that is the Christian hope of a better life, and the operation of that hope upon his character and principles." This, we think, was the sum and substance of Dr. Johnson's theological creed. He was driven to Christianity by his profound feeling of human woes, and of the wants of his own nature and heart. He had tried everything else;—study, and found it a weariness, when not a burden and a woe; fame, and found it the dream of a bubble; wine, and found it a raging and mocking madness; woman, too, and found her *help*, indeed, invaluable, but her love, as men are wont to idealize it a delusion; society, and found it a restless arena, fitted to excite, but unable to satisfy; and he came at last to the conclusion, that there was nothing in this world worth living for, but the promise of, and the preparation for another; and that all the lights of science, literature and philosophy were darkness compared to the red hues shed over the Judean hills by the parting steps of Christ, as the prophecy and promise of his coming again. He did not, indeed, (and here lay his wisdom, and this showed his want of fanaticism), abandon the use of the pleasures which Providence had allotted him, and become an austere anchorite. He continued, and with all his might, too, to try and wring out of all lawful pleasures what good there was in them. But this he did with no expectation of complete or ultimate satisfaction, for *that* he knew it was not in their power to give, but solely that they might strengthen or amuse him in his progress toward that grand and only fountain of peace and soul-security which rises in another world.

It has been often said, that Dr. Johnson, as well as Foster, failed to see life in its beauty, its nice arrangements, its poetry, and its hopeful tendencies. Had this been said to the former, he would have gruffly replied, "All canting absurdity. There is beauty, indeed, in nature, although my dim eyes cannot see it very clearly, and although I hate to hear poetasters whining about purling streams and pastoral crooks; but I can admire better than they the solemn magnificence of forests, the outspread expanse and booming thunders of ocean, and the dread glories of the midnight sky. But I know that this is a life compounded of mistakes and miseries, of delusive pleasures and real wretchedness, of vice, terror and uncertainty, a life which the most of men spend in estrangement from God, and in enmity with one another, and which the best

have ever felt to be a weariness and a heavy load, and cried out, "We loathe it; we would not live always." The only real good on earth is virtue, and that is not the result of life, but a communication from on high, and a pledge and a foretaste of a better existence."

Foster felt far more forcibly than Johnson the glories of nature and the beauties of art. Inferior in learning, in critical acumen, and in dictatorial power over thought and language, he had a subtler, a more poetical, a more enthusiastic genius; this taught him to admire nature in all its forms with a deeper, although a pensive admiration. He believed, with trembling, in the universe, on which he saw a shade resting like that of the morning of the first day of the deluge: The ocean's voice seemed in his ear a wild wail, as if some maniac-god were imprisoned in its dreary caves, and were proclaiming his eternal wrongs to earth and the stars. The sun seemed looking on earth from his lofty car with an air of supreme scorn and haughty reserve, and crying out "What care I for that petty planet, and the reptile race my beams have generated in its mud—with their animalcular loves, hatreds, wars, fortunes, and faiths?" The moon seemed (as he describes her in a passage of his journal) to be contemplating our world with a melancholy interest, but the interest of one who had long given up the hope of doing any good to man, or of ever seeing him becoming better. And the stars appeared like the fiery spires and watch towers of the walls of hell, surrounding the miseries of the earth with an aspect of fixed and far off indifference. And yet, notwithstanding the gloomy discoloration in which he saw all these objects, he continued to admire them to enthusiasm. He sometimes reminds us of that band of fallen angels whom Milton describes exploring the distant regions of their place of pain, and imbibing a certain deep though sullen joy, as they pass

"O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp."

So Foster, deeming this universe little better than a vast hell, yet admitted it to be a most splendid one—all deluged and shining with a dreadful glory, which at once fascinated and terrified his soul.

As his religious views were of a sterner cast than Johnson's, so his views of man and of life were even darker than his. He also fell at times into deep abysses of doubt, from which, in general, Johnson kept free; and, unlike Johnson, he did not seek to snatch his share of the passing pleasures of the world, but held them in a scorn too deep even to taste their flavor as they hurried by. Both, however, seem to have come to the same conclusion on one momentous question—we mean the restoration of the lost. Foster has expressly defended this; and Johnson in one of his conversations with Boswell, intimates a leaning towards it. We stay not to expose what we deem the fallacy of this hope. It seems far too good news to be true, as well as rendered excessively improbable by the aspects and phenomena of the present world. But when contemplating the massive gloom which lay upon

two such minds as Foster's and Johnson's, we are glad to find them getting partial relief even from a false dawning, although it only reminds us of the poet's words:

"As northern lights the sky adorn,
And give the promise of a morn,
Which never comes to-day."

This is not the place for going at great length into the question as to the connection of religion with melancholy; yet we must be permitted a few remarks, as they are appropriate to Dr. Johnson's case. And we think the whole truth may be summed up succinctly in a very few sentences. First. Religion is not necessarily connected with a more than ordinary degree of gloom. There have been, and are Christians habitually cheerful; that is, many persons inclined originally to look at the bright side of things have become Christians, and their piety has not lessened but increased their pleasures; for, although it may have given them new sorrows; it has also multiplied and intensified their joys. But secondly, there are many whose temperament, naturally billious or nervous, when pervaded by Christian ideas, seems to become a shade darker; the thoughts of God's holiness, of the strictness of his law, of their own unworthiness, of the state of the world, and of the doom of sinners in a future state, press on them with awful force, and render them all their lifetime subject to bondage. Thirdly. Not a few Christians are exceedingly fluctuating in their emotions; their life is a balance, now sinking to the depths, and now soaring to the sun; and this is in them partly the result of temperament and partly of their oscillations of religious feeling. Fourthly. If a Christian, as too many Christians do, neglect the natural conditions of cheerfulness, seclude himself from society, pay no attention to his health, and deny himself those innocent gratifications which fill agreeably up the intervals of duty, it is not his Christianity that will save him from inequality of spirits, or from fits of deep depression. Fifthly. It cannot be denied that a Christian has struggles, trials, temptations, and sources of spiritual sadness, peculiar to himself. His life is compared to a birth, to a warfare, to an agony. He is the special mark of many obloquies from men and many secret assaults by invisible enemies; and has often to be contented with no other reward than is implied in the consciousness of integrity and of brave struggle, and in the hope of eternal life.—He is promised "not happiness, but only blessedness." Finally. He has often, like his fellows, to contend with afflictive providences, with poverty, and with the infirmities of his own temper or body. Nay, he may be more pressed by these than other men, and may thus seem more miserable than they, notwithstanding the secret solaces welling up within, and the glimpses of a glorious destiny seen hovering above him. We have at present two private Christians in view as illustrating the principles we have thus stated. Both belong to the excellent of the earth, and find the religion of Jesus dearer to them than their necessary food. But the one has been blessed with a benignant temper, an undisturbed

serenity, been visited by few trials, and enjoyed an equable flow of health all his life. Hence he has been as happy as this state of being will permit; has been troubled with no doubts or misgivings, and hardly had his temper ruffled for a moment. The other has had a tone of health less firm, a nervous system more excitable, a temper more imperfect, an education more neglected, and a career more checkered; and has therefore, been on the whole, unhappy, morbid; and while his excellence is admitted by all who know him, he is evidently far from the possession of that blessed peace and calm which are possessed by the other, and seems never likely to reach them till recast in another mould, and admitted to a sereener region.

Those entertain very false notions of Christianity who dream that as soon as it is believed it always operates as a charm, and creates around the believer a clear and constant heaven on earth. This idea has, we think, done much injury to the cause, disheartened many at the difficulties of the way, and sent back from the first slough they encountered not a few Pliables who otherwise might have struggled on to glory. Preachers have dealt too much in rose-colors while painting the Christian life. They should remember, as Croly says in the preface to his sermons, "that our religion is a *manly* religion;" that it is to *men* emphatically that it calls. ("To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men;") and that it never promises an uninterrupted course of happiness either within or without.

Dr. Johnson's religion, after subtracting a good deal of superstitious nonsense, was—and latterly especially—a true, although a gloomy faith. His very terrors proved his greatness, and seemed, as Keats has it, "portioned to a giant nerve." His fear of ghosts, for instance, sprung from his intense belief in a spiritual world, and from his feeling of his own unworthiness to meet a purely spiritual nature. His fear of death arose from his profound and solemn conceptions of that immense Being he expected to see after it. The higher a mind rises it has a wider view of the Great Supreme, and a proportionate feeling of awe towards him. A Lilliputian mind worships a comparatively Lilliputian Deity; a mind of giant stature has its idea of Deity prodigiously magnified, and its fear accordingly enhanced.—Hence Johnson on his death-bed cried out, "I will take anything but inebriating substance, for I wish to present my soul to God unclouded."—There is something sublime in the sight of this autocrat of letters, of one who, like John Knox, never feared the face of man, bowed in terror before the powers of the world to come, and you think of that being in Milton (in this point we alone compare them) who feared no power in earth, hell, or heaven, except Death and Diety. When you see this powerful nature agitated by his peculiar fears, you are reminded of the Psalmist's words, "He toucheth the mountains and they smoke." They stand in their granite strength unmovable by all the efforts of all mankind; but whenever their Creator lays his lightest finger on them they recognize his hand and begin to tremble and to smoke.

Yet Johnson, while keenly alive to the terrors of the law, and too much attached to outward forms, was not altogether ignorant of the consolations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The peculiarities of that Gospel became dearer to him as his life advanced. On his death-bed he recommended to a friend a volume of sermons because it dwelt most fully on the doctrine of a propitiation. The Cross shone out at last amid the vapors which had lain on him, and he saw in it the pillar of the divine government, the mirror of the divine character, the finger pointing up to a father's house, and the mighty magnet drawing men home there from their vain and various wanderings. It did not, indeed, remove all his darkness, or that of this system, but it "allured to brighter worlds," and seemed to bear inscribed above the head of its bleeding victim the words, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." And as it rose in its clear command above earth and death and hell, his dreams about the efficacy of fastings and the other superstitions he had imbibed in his childhood faded away; a portion of his fears vanished with them, and he fell asleep at last, a forgiven and accepted child, perfect through suffering, in the arms of his Redeemer.

Johnson had fallen into occasional errors of life, hinted at rather than disclosed by Boswell, which prevent him from being proposed as a model. His physical system it should be remembered was radically diseased, his passions were excessively strong, and nothing but his own acquired self-command, and the grace of God, prevented him from becoming a moral wreck, as conspicuous and lamentable as Savage, Burns, or Byron. But he was nevertheless,—and the more from the struggle which he had to maintain with his temperament,—one of the noblest of human beings, and in nothing so much so as in his deference to the claims of Christianity. If any man of that age might, strong in the pride of intellectual power, have refused to bend and to become as a little child, it might have been this sturdy Titan, and yet he not only knelt himself but taught thousands to kneel beside him, who, but for the example of so great a man, would have disdained the homage.

The name of Johnson as a critic has had a somewhat fluctuating history. Once rated too high, it is now, we think, pushed far below its level. The true way to describe his criticism is to say it is the criticism of gigantic but cramped common sense. He lacks that subtler instinct which detects minute beauties, and that *recherche* taste which distinguishes the virtue of secret flavors of excellence. Nor has he any principles of criticism entitled to the praise of depth, comprehensiveness, or originality. He takes up a book with a feeling compounded of eagerness and reluctance; devours it in hasty gulps; becomes aware of all its principal faults, and its broader beauties; throws it down to lift it up no more; and proceeds, some twenty years perhaps afterwards, to daggerroot-type the results of the one hasty and hungry perusal. That is generally faithful to his original feelings, for his memory is a *viceroy* (in both senses of the word shall we say?) but it is not always, any more than *these*

just to the book. One reading, and Johnson rarely honored a book by reading it twice, is seldom a sufficient warrant for a criticism. Perhaps the critic reads the work in a state of bodily irritation or mental pain. Perhaps while he is reading it his thoughts and heart are a thousand miles away; or perhaps his stomach is foul; or perhaps he has risen from a sleepless night; or perhaps he is waiting for the advent of a friend, or has just been reading the abuse of an enemy; or he cannot in short tell how—but his critical "hand is out," and his critical appetite is either entirely dulled or unhealthily sharpened; and thus in various ways, his judgments may be rendered worthless.

Dr. Johnson being peculiarly a man of moods—often in low depressions, often in towering passions, often shaken by pain, and often drowsed by indolence—his criticisms require, more than of most writers to be taken *cum grano salis*. He never indeed plays us false; he is always desirous to be faithful, but seems often working with imperfect materials, and rather struggling to form than calmly expressing a judgment.

Macanlay has been grossly unjust to Johnson's criticisms on poetry, and compares him to Rymer, who is, he truly says, "the worst critic of poetry that ever existed." But although Johnson is not the best of poetic critics, he is very far from being comparable to the worst. The great test we propose to a critic on poetry is—is to be a poet himself. Now, Johnson was himself a poet; we do not say of the highest order. He never could have written a "Macbeth," or a "Comus," or a "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." He had not the power of consecutive poetic invention and combination; but his "Rasselas," his "Vultures," and a hundred other apoloques and essays in his works, prove that he had genuine poetic imagination as well as feeling, and that, under that purblind vision and shaggy frame, there lurked the soul of a "Maker." Many of the lines, too, in "London," the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and those he contributed to Goldsmith's "Traveller," are truly poetical. And when we turn to his criticism, we find a great deal of a very noble character—massive as marble, and clear as crystal. The "Lives of the Poets" have been subjected to much obloquy, as well as lauded with much undue praise, but have not as yet, we think, been fairly appreciated. Now, in the first place, it has often been objected to them that they omit three of the greatest of all our poets—Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare. But this was not Dr. Johnson's fault, but that of the booksellers for whom he wrote, who, we suppose, excluded Chaucer from their list on account of his obsolete spelling and language—Spenser, for the unwieldy size of his poem—and Shakspeare, because his poetry, so called, was then counted unworthy of his genius. These reasons, whether right or wrong, were their reasons, and not suggested, or perhaps approved of, by him. It has been objected again, that his book has eternized the memory of many men who were mere poetasters. Johnson here again, did in general the bidding of his taskmasters, as all such Ariels must obey the behests of their Prosperos till the day of their deliver-

ance arrive. When Boswell asked if he would allow the names of blockheads to be added to the series, he replied, 'Yes, and tell the world that they are blockheads. And so, in effect, he has done to such dull dogs as Walsh, Smith, Duke, King, and the rest. He disdains to worry them at length, but lifts them up, as a Newfoundland dog does a cur of low degree, and pops them, with quiet contempt, into the waters. His praise of Blackmore has been adduced against him, by those who have been unable to perceive the vein of irony which pervades that life, and which more effectually damns the poetry of the unlucky knight than the witty wrath of Gay and all the authors associated with him prevailed to do. He respected indeed Blackmore for his probity and piety, and praised with evident sincerity one of his poems—that on the "Creation"—but so did honest Matthew Henry (who gives great screeds of it in his Commentary), and so did as great a man as even Johnson, John Locke. A more formidable objection has been made to his "Lives," on account of his treatment of Milton. Here we cannot defend him. His hatred to the Puritans, and to Milton as a man, amounted to fury and malignant madness. On such subjects he raved, and boiled over with rage. But let us remember that Milton himself ransacked the kennel for epithets to express his contempt, disgust, and loathing of his enemies. He assailed them in the tenderest points, and dragged to light the details of their private history. In this he erred; but we cannot wonder that his error should be used as a precedent by the most formidable of his later foes. The differences, too, between Johnson and Milton were so great, that it was impossible for the one to do full justice to the other. These have been admirably pointed out by Dr. Channing, who shows how, while Milton was of ethereal race, Johnson was only the strongest of earth-born Titans; so that in the life you have Raphael criticized by Polyphemus. But Milton, although an angel, was a "giant-angel." And hence Johnson, from his sympathy with all that is great and colossal, is compelled to praise him. It is not his ethereality he admires, it is his vastness. Had he been simply a "stripling cherub," he would have underrated and abused him—treating him as a mere winged ephemeron, dancing in the departing light of a summer day. And hence he has undervalued his minor poems—his "Sonnets," his "Lycidas," and his "Comus," not so much for what they are in themselves, as for their inferiority to that scale of magnitude according to which he would like to see a Milton working. He cried out to Hannah More, "Milton, madam, can cut out a Colossus from a rock, but not carve heads upon cherry stones." Hence his breath of praise is all husbanded for "Paradise Lost," and when he reaches that poem, it comes out in a torrent of manly eulogium.—The praise of an enemy is not only more valuable, but very often more eloquent than that of a friend. When we look with admiration on a foe, we look through tears. A certain softness, and a certain swelling emotion of heart, generally accompany the tribute; produced partly by a latent remorse for previous injustice, partly

by a quick sense of our own generosity, and partly by a foresight of the effect of our panegyric upon the party praised, or on his friends. So with Johnson on Milton's "Paradise Lost."—Not to be compared critically with some other tributes, morally it excels them all. You see a great man discerning his own quality of mind displayed on a grander scale, by one whom he personally hates, and crying out with irresistible impulse, with sudden and soft-eyed enthusiasm, "magnificent—the more that the man is my foe." A sight like this reaches the sublime; for, although it may be said to be the result of compulsion, it is a compulsion which could only be produced by the influence of power on power, and reminds you of that eternal law by which a Jupiter is bound to revolve around a Sun, through the force of mere superior magnitude—although the planet is a mass of clouds and snowy ice, and the sun a ball of fire.

The gay and gallant figure of Murat as he rushed into the opposite ranks, as if to grasp the head of Death and lead him down a measure on a bloody ball-room, is said to have excited from the Cossacks cries of admiration. When O'Connell rose into his altitudes in the House of Commons, Peel and Disraeli, we are told, sometimes dropped their pencils and gazed in fascinated admiration at the orator, with his wondrous words, and still more wondrous attitudes and tones. And so, to compare great to comparatively small things, when Milton soars "above all Greek and Roman fame," and talks the large utterance of the early gods, Johnson is forced to throw away his measuring rule, to stifle the sneer on his lip, and brush away the frown from his brow; and lo! the critic is sublimated into the man and the poet.

Another objection to Johnson's "Lives" is the way in which he has criticized Gray, Collins, Akenside, Churchill, and some other contemporary poets. And here, again, we admit that he has partly exposed himself to the censure of his critics. His account of Collins is, we confess, miserably meagre. The fact was, that he seems, by an unconscious act of the mind, to have transferred his pity for the fate, and his disapprobation of the personal habits of the poor bard, to his poetry; which, besides, with all its ideal and exquisite beauties, wants entirely that strength of thought, that manliness of purpose, and that solid magnitude of structure, which alone were able to overpower objections, and to storm Johnson into admiration. In reference to Gray, again, he was right in his criticism on the "Bard" and the "Progress of Poetry," which seem to most now, stiff and laborious exaggerations—mere mimicries of real power, trying to do by effort what can only be done by magic; the poet spurring a large and clumsy dray-horse, instead of Pegasus. To the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" he does ample justice. The only one of Gray's poems which he rates below its real value is the delightful "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." One of his objections is exceedingly trifling and unfair. He says, "His supplication to Father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile; Father Thames has no

better means of knowing than himself." This is sad work; the more so as, in "Rasselas," Johnson himself had apostrophized the Nile as the "Great Father of Waters," and asked him if he swept through any country in which he did not hear the language of distress? Critics, like liars, should have good memories. His account of Akenside is perhaps a little under-colored, but cannot be called unjust. He commends him for "great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisition," and blames him for luxuriance and superfluity of words. Akenside was far too diffuse to be a strong poet, although he has some very nervous lines—such as

"Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day,"

and hence Johnson, not finding either that sturdy strength, or that concise elegance in the "Pleasures of Imagination," which he desiderated in poetry, is disappointed. To Akenside's "Epistle to Curio" he gives liberal praise. In reference to Churchill, what we have said about Collins was far more true. Johnson, strongly condemning the conduct of the poet, is led to be severe on his verses. But for this, he must have admired the rough readiness, the daring self-assertion, the Drydenic rapidity and ease of execution, and sinewy English of this remarkable but unhappy poet.

Johnson's criticisms on Shakspeare have been also laid to his charge. That he thoroughly understood the "myriad-minded," that his mind was oceanic enough to fill every creek and cranny of that mighty channel, we doubt; but what other mind was, is, or ever shall be? The purely fanciful and imaginative parts of Shakspeare—his subtler touches—his frequent delicacy and grace—his healthy, genial tone, and his all-embracing catholicity—were not at all to Johnson's taste; he durst not abuse, but he did not understand or sympathize with them. It was, as in reference to Milton—the might of Shakspeare he admired—that power he possessed over the passions—the grasp he takes of the broader elements of human nature—his resemblance to a Genie of the "Arabian Nights," in his swiftness and supernatural strength, that called up blood into Johnson's faded cheek and fire into his dim eye. And the lines in his well-known "Prologue" express Shakspeare's *magical* might better than any other writer has done:

"Each change of many colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain."

When he came down from this general estimate of the demoniac force that was in Shakspeare, and of its stupendous results, to the examination of particular plays, and the dissection of particular characters, he was less successful. It was with his mental as with his bodily eyesight. He saw great broad outlines, but not minute details. When, in Scotland, a mountain rose before him, he was aware of a vast rugged mass towering into the blue sky with sharp distinct pinnacles, but not of the beautiful ferns climbing and softening

its sides; of the vivid grasses betraying the source of secret springs, or of the young pines bending at the base their blue-green cones in homage to the spirit of the hill. And thus Shakespeare loomed before Johnson's eye a form of indefinite shape but enormous outline and bulk, although he was too far off to notice the delicate and lovely lineaments which soften his strength into beauty, and prove him no monster of Briarean race, but simply the greatest as well as one of the gentlest of the sons of men.

We feel a little nervous when approaching the subject of Johnson and Ossian's poems. Yet let us say what we think and dare the consequences. Macpherson then, we fear, *was* Ossian, or at least has certainly shown himself to be a much cleverer fellow than the old Blind Bard in whom the Highlands have claimed their only poet. His work, like Pope's "Iliad," if it be not the original, is something better. It has indeed much monotony and much repetition, and a fair amount of bombast and falsetto, but rises often into real sublimity, and often melts into melodious pathos. Dr. Johnson's hatred to it may be explained by his aversion to Scotland, by his detestation for what he deemed a fraud, and by his prejudice against all unrhymed poetry, whether it was blank verse or rhythmical prose. Dear, nevertheless, to every Scottish heart will for ever remain those beautiful fragments. In spite of Dr. Johnson's criticism, and the more insolent one of Macaulay, they will continue to hear in the monotony of the strian the voice of the mountain torrent, and the roar of the tempest; in its abruptness they will see the beetling crag and the shaggy summit of the bleak Highland hill; in its bombast and obscurity they will recognize the hollows of the deep glens, and the mists which shroud the cataracts; in its happier and nobler measures they will welcome sounds of poetry worthy of the murmur of their lochs and the waving of their old woods, and never will they see Ben Nevis looking down over his clouds, or Loch Lomond basking amidst its sunny braes, or in grim Glencoe listen to the Cona singing her lonely and everlasting dirge beneath Ossian's cave, which gashes the breast of the cliff above it, without remembering the glorious shade from whose evanishing lips Macpherson has extracted the wild music of his mountain song.

Probably the greatest error, after all, committed by Johnson as a critic is the prodigious liking he has to Dryden and Pope, and the preference he gives them above Young and Thompson, if not above Milton and Shakespeare themselves. That Dryden and Pope were true poets, and that the latter was in many respects an exquisite artist, we dare not deny. But that in nature, in genius—in that power which creates—which throws out masses of molten ore—they attain either to the measure of the author of the "Seasons" or of the "Night Thoughts," we venture, in common with most critics now, to doubt. Yet Johnson sums up the life of Thompson in a few pages, scarcely noticing his "Castle of Indolence," and hands over that of Young to the portentous puppy Herbert Croft, to be executed in a bad mimicry of his own worst manner; while he expends all his strength, learning, and eloquence in

praising Dryden and Pope, and contrives to make their lives the most masterly critical essays which his pen ever produced. We can understand his sympathy with Dryden, for he possessed that masculine strength which Johnson always admitted, and had a careless greatness somewhat resembling his own. But his profound wonder at and worship of the mechanical miracles and artificial harmonies of Pope are to us amazing. We could as soon have expected to have seen him adoring a puppet or bowing before Punch. The reasons may be—he found Pope's style in fashion; Pope had been a patron of his; and perhaps also he wanted to mortify the Whigs by exalting him above Addison. Having no real ear besides for versification, he seems actually to have preferred the eternal dropping and regular ding-dong of Pope to the more varied and more musical measures of higher poets. He liked too Pope's exquisite sense and wit, and was right in this, but was not right in exalting him on these accounts to the highest poetic pedestal.

His attack on sacred poetry has been often assailed. The fallacy of it lies in his forgetting that though poetry cannot *heighten* the Divine, it can *raise us up* toward a perception of it. It was strange that Dr. Johnson forgot that the highest poetry *had* been sacred—that of the Bible, of Dante, and of Milton. But the eloquence and power of writing in the passage are transcendent. Never does he run with such rapidity as when he is running wrong.

The two best "Lives," as narratives, in the book, are those of Savage and of Isaac Watts. The first is a romance in interest as well as most masterly in composition; the second is remarkable for its fine tone of feeling and its thorough sympathy with moral and religious worth. It is singular how he tells best the lives of the greatest sinner and of the greatest saint in his catalogue. It is as if a writer now-a-days should publish biographies of modern poets, and should shine most in those of Byron and James Montgomery. The explanation lies in this—Johnson had once lived like Savage, and he was always aspiring to live like Watts.

In closing this paper, we are deeply impressed with the conviction that Johnson has never fully displayed the riches of his mind. He has written so well as to start the suggestion that he might have written better. All his works are desultory. They consist of little papers, little apologies, short poems, and short lives. There is no one massive whole on which you can lay your hand and say, here is a full reflection of the giant man: It is the same still to a more tantalizing degree with Johnson's great contemporary, Burke. Who can read those pregnant pages of his, so crowded with thought, fancy, genius, and not regret that the most powerful thinker his age produced had not stooped to become by practice its finest writer, and had not left some more unique and colossal monument of his powers? So far from Burke being a barbarous writer, he was, often one of the most elegant; indeed, he was, after all, the most elegant and correct in style of all our great original thinkers, and needed only leisure for revision and polish to have equalled Addison in grace and Hall in dignity and trans-

parent purity of diction. We were amused the other day while glancing at Irving's "Life of George Buchanan," with the following clause in a sentence, which we quote, as containing about as much nonsense as could well be crammed into the same compass:—"The elegant, yet diffuse rhapsodies of Burke and Bolingbroke, to the correct and classical precision of Junius or Hume." We never read Bolingbroke, and 'perhaps his writing is here fairly characterized; but to call Burke a rhapsodical and diffuse writer is egregiously absurd. His writings absolutely swarm, like an ant-hill, with thought. No writer has left so many poignant and pointed sentences. Every sentence in his works is either distended with a thought, or starred with an image. Even those splendid bursts which this writer is pleased to call rhapsodies are all interpenetrated and solidified by the most subtle reflection, and all help to carry on the main and mighty stress of his argument. On the other hand, Hume is one of the least correct of writers, and the least precise. The charm of his writing lies in its conversational ease and abandonment, and in certain careless

but inimitable touches, which moved, we remember, the envy and despair of Gibbon. As to Junius, many think he was Burke; and one great objection to this theory is, that although his language be equally precise, his thought is so much less abundant and profound.

We linger as we look back on that interesting period in our literary history, when old Johnson and Burke held high discourse and keen rencontre together; when there was still some rule in our republic of letters, and not the wretched anarchy which at present prevails; when courtesy, candor, and kindly feeling dwelt in the breast of one of the two chiefs of intellect, and fearless honesty, magnanimity, and rough warm heart distinguished the other; when criticism had not yet become a mere craft, and that not of the most honorable kind; and above all, when our dictators in the realm of letters were not ashamed to avow themselves believers in God, and humble disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. Well may we, sick of the present, turn to the past and pray with more fervor than faith, that these days may return again.

DEER SHOOTING AT RUSSIAN RIVER.—As the wind at this season of the year (September) blows with little variation from the same point, my ground was almost always of the same nature, the river being in my rear, and the mountains before me. Stalking was out of the question; for, from the peculiar formation of the country, which consisted of a series of undulations, no extended view could be procured of a herd, and the long grass which afforded them cover abounded with rattle-snakes. The only plan in such a country is to keep your eyes about you, not forgetting the ground, and walk the deer up, against the wind of course, taking advantage of any cover that may be in your path, in the shape of a rock, and using great caution in showing yourself over the rising ground. The herd will probably then start up with a bound from the long oat straw at your feet, but seldom afford a fine shot, as they plunge away half concealed by it. Now you throw yourself down and see, the herd has stopped within a hundred yards of you; and here a buck advances chivalrously in defence of his harem—five paces—ten—now he is troubled; for, although there is pride in his nostrils, and anger in his stamping hoof, there is indecision in those working ears, and by his eye you may read that if anything very ugly appears, he will run away. But a doe advances; this perves her lord to a few paces more—now you may fire—full at the shoulder;—crash—poor buck! Now load again, and then rush up and cut his throat;—he is stone dead;—rattle, tattle tattle,—mind the snake! Now flay him if you want the skin, or quarter him if you don't. This done, you can carry home a haunch; the skin, the antlers, the tongue, and the brains; and these, with

your accoutrements and the hot sun, will probably tire you before you get home. In the evening the poor does, with their soft hearts still palpitating from the nasty noise your rifle made, and the very ugly appearance of yourself generally, will stand in a group, and turn their wistful eyes in the direction where last they saw their master, and wonder—poor innocents!—why he is not there as usual to lead them proudly down to the stream, and take his station on the bank to ward off any danger whilst they drink. Night comes, but he does not appear; then they wander about, and cry, and pass a miserable night, whilst you are making a good supper off the buck, and are speaking jocularly of him as a "fat old rascal."—*Mountains & Molehills.*

SOME persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

There are two bores in Society—the man who knows too much, and the man who knows too little.

An Annuity too long Deferred maketh the heart sick.

Travelling, now-a-days, consists in living on railways, and sleeping at hotels.

The oddest Husbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

Remorse is the tight-boot that pinches the sole.

A great deal of Heartburn is caused by a man inviting you to dine with him, and giving you a bad dinner.

The bread of Repentance we eat is in many instances made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

Punch.

From Household Words.

THE ROYAL BALLOON.

BLUEBEARD'S wife is a faithful type of our common human nature, male as well as female. The secret chamber is the room we all want to penetrate into. One unburnt book from the Alexandrian library would be more attractive to bibliomaniacs than a whole college-full of learned folios that stand ranged on their dusty shelves. The last volume, spared by the Sibyl, only increased the longing after those that were irrevocably gone. Who would not give a trifle for a peep at some of the treatises which those who used curious arts in the early days of Christianity, brought together and burned before all men? Dr. Young, since grown old, found more pleasure in contemplating an obelisk-side of hieroglyphics, than in running through the London Gazette; doubtless for the simple reason that he could read the one and could not read the other. Herschell's delight was to hunt after stars, invisible or dimly seen, which seemed to dive deeper into distant space the harder he tried to get a peep at them. We can easily fancy the intense delight of the great modern interpreter of Ninevite literature, when he believes he has inserted the wedge of a lucky guess into a cuneiform inscription, and has a chance of splitting it up into sentences and words. The higher the wall that surrounds a garden, the sweeter, longing mouths and noses suspect, are the fruit and flowers inclosed within. The thick morning mist that veils a landscape makes us the more eager to discover its beauties. The clouds, the glaciers, and the treacherous snow, which ought to render the mountain-top inaccessible, only serve to invite the adventurous spirit to plant his foot where prudence and practicability forbid. What we cannot have, we resolve to have; what we cannot know, we insist upon knowing.

From this craving after forbidden lore I pretend to be no more exempt than my neighbors. A wayside monument has had the same effect upon me, haunting my dreams and fancies by night, and intruding on my waking thoughts by day. It has intrigued me, to borrow a French expression, beyond all bearing.

The churchyard of the village of Wimille, about four miles north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, skirts the imperial road to Calais. Just at the middle of the boundary-wall a stone tablet rises, inscribed with small capitals, and surmounted at the top with something which is very like a petrified cauliflower. It is meant to represent a balloon on fire. The inscription (in French) runs to the following effect:—"In this cemetery are interred Francois Pilâtre de Rosier and Pierre Ange Romain, who, desiring to pass over to England in an

air-balloon, in which they had combined the agency of fire and of inflammable air, by an accident whose veritable cause will always remain unknown, the fire having caught the upper part of the balloon, they fell from the height of more than five thousand feet between Wimereux and the sea." The inscription is repeated in a Latin duplicate, for the benefit of travelling strangers who do not understand French. The said travellers are also apostrophized:—"Passersby, mourn their lot, and pray God for the repose of their souls!" Annual masses for their souls' repose, at the date corresponding to their rapid descent, were founded in the parish church of Wimille; whether or not the ninety-three revolution swept away the masses I cannot say. The Curé would give an answer to those who wish to know. Their lot was mournful; but even stronger than our pity is the feeling which urges us to find out how the deuce it happened. I resolved to try what could be done to that effect, and at last made out a theory which may, or may not, be the true one.

The churchyard memorial was not the only one that was raised to mark the horrible catastrophe. In the camp of Wimereux, just behind the *Café du Petit Caporal*, which is next door to the *Estaminet du Ballon*, a small obelisk of marble from the neighboring quarries of Ferques, built without any, or with the least possible mortar, and not more than eight or nine feet high, rises on the spot where the aeronauts were dashed to the ground. When I first knew it, it stood in solitude in the midst of a grassy, down-like waste, half undermined by moles, and almost pushed off its pedestal by the cattle who used it as a rubbing-post. The parties that seemed to favor it with the longest notice, were the mushrooms who peeped above-ground from time to time, some singly, some in little family groups of three or four, but all apparently considering, under their broad-brimmed hats, whether it would not be an act of charity to the memory of the deceased, to surround their half-ruined monument with a railing. That also bears its record, in French, supplying a few additional particulars: "Here fell from the height of more than five thousand feet, at thirty-five minutes past seven in the morning, the unfortunate aeronauts Pilâtre de Rosier and Romain the elder, who started from Boulogne at five minutes after seven, in the morning of the fifteenth of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. The first was found dead upon the spot; the second gave a few signs of life during one or two minutes."

The best means, I thought, of solving the problem of their fall, was to find up any persons who had witnessed it. I was more fortunate than might have been expected, with an

event occurring sixty years ago. In a hamlet to the north of Wimereux, I found an old woman more than a hundred years old, who had seen the balloon ascend from Boulogne. She was dozing and dreaming over a fire of dry furze, staring at the sparks with her filmy eyes. I wonder whether she could see with those eyes, even after she turned them on me as I entered her hovel.

"What do you want with me?" she said, in a voice that belonged to the other world. "You don't know me, and I don't know you. I'm of no use to anybody, now."

"But I know you," my companion said. And then he began to talk about their acquaintance, and then about the obelisk, and then about Pilâtre de Rosier.

"I saw him and his friend go up," she said, suddenly waking, as if inspired. "I was close to them. He was a handsome man, and looked so smiling. As the balloon rose, he saluted and bowed to all the people, and waved his flags continually in this way, so, until he had mounted quite high in the sky." And then she suited the action to the word, waving her arms in imitation of poor De Rosier. "My arms then were not like this," she continued, pulling the skin which hung loosely about them. "I had handsome arms once. Yes; he waved his arms so." And then she fell again into her dreamy state, the precursor of the long sleep of death, from which nothing could rouse her. All the further information we could extract was, that he waved his arms, comme ça, and that hers were once handsome arms.

It struck me that the excellent Museum at Boulogne might contain some relics of this tragical tumble. I found them there, and better than them. Monsieur Duburquoy, senior, an intelligent old man, the father of the present well-informed curator of the museum, was at Wimereux, when the aeronauts fell, and helped to lift them from the ground. He was thirteen years of age at the time. He told me that De Rosier, quite dead, had one of his legs broken, and that the bone pierced through the tight fitting trouser; and that Romain heaved three or four deep sighs, and then expired. He picked up a piece of bread, partially eaten, that fell with them. A bottle of wine, that had been uncorked, and had had a glass or two drunk from it, accompanied them in their fall, and most extraordinarily was not broken.

The museum has the portrait of De Rosier in powdered wig and frilled shirt, besides a colored medallion in wax. He is styled "the first aéronaut of the universe;" to which title there would be nothing to object, if we were but perfectly cognizant of the atmospherical conditions of every other sun, planet, and satellite in the universe. There are besides, his

barometer, thermometer, speaking-trumpet, and the wand to which his little waving flag was attached. There is the painted cloth which surrounded the gallery of the Montgolfière, or flying fire-place, which helped him to ascend; there is a little piece of the taffetas or oiled-silk, covered with gold-beater's skin, which contained his float of hydrogen gas; and that is all the material evidence to be found.

Our readers may remember that Pilâtre de Rosier was ambitious to be the first to cross the English channel in a balloon. He had already the honor of being the first man who ascended in the earth's atmosphere, in a captive balloon as a first experiment, and afterwards in one at liberty to rise and wander whither it would, in which bold excursion he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes. The first living creatures that made a balloon ascent, were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, conjointly travellers through the region of clouds. Since then, equestrian ascents have been made by terrified horses, mounted by fool-hardy men. In all these latter cases, it may be believed, that an ass made one of the party.

In crossing the channel, De Rosier was forestalled by his countryman (Blanchard) and our compatriot (Jeffries), who started from Dover and landed in the forest of Guines on the seventh of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Nevertheless, he had drawn upon government funds; and he still adhered to his purpose of passing in a balloon from France to England, as his more fortunate rival had done from England to France. The latter feat has been several times repeated, the former has never yet been accomplished. De Rosier had given the Comptroller-General of Finances to understand that, if he would pay the expense of the expedition, he (Pilâtre) would execute it. His request was granted; he received forty-two thousand francs (sixteen hundred and eighty pounds sterling) as a first instalment, which was afterwards said to be increased till it amounted to the enormous sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Romain, who then enjoyed a great repute for manufacturing balloons, made an agreement with Pilâtre, by which he bound himself to construct one of thirty feet diameter, or thereabouts, for the sum of three hundred louis-d'ors. Pilâtre, whose business was to find the work-room, obtained from the governor of the Tuileries, the Salle des Gardes, and another apartment. The work, begun at the end of August seventeen hundred and eighty-four, was completed six weeks afterwards. Six hundred ells of white taffeta were employed in fabricating this ill-starred machine.

Romain had strictly kept to himself the secret of rendering taffeta impermeable to

gas. He was careful beyond measure to conceal his mode of preparation. He worked in solitude, like an alchemist, and was only known to have one single companion of his studies, who aided him gratuitously in the construction of his balloon. The whole secret consisted in covering the taffeta with a coat of linseed oil made capable of drying by sugar of lead, and in pressing in till it only felt greasy in the hand. Every strip was then covered with gold-beater's skin, that was made to adhere by ordinary size, in which was incorporated a mixture of honey and linseed oil. These ingredients gave suppleness to the size, and prevented the united superficies from cracking. A second and third layer of gold-beater's skin were added; and the balloon, when finished, thirty-three and a half French feet in diameter, and ornamented with tinsel in different parts, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, including the cylindrical apparatus that helped to fill it. So impermeable was it that it remained distended with atmospheric air for two months, without showing a single wrinkle. If De Rosier had then ascended from Paris, it would have carried him almost whithersoever he would. At the end of two months, the balloon, carefully packed, was transported to Boulogne, which Pilâtre had chosen as his starting-point. Of course, the packing and transport for so long a distance by land-carriage, rendered it still more difficult to preserve uninjured so perishable an article as a balloon, with the little previous experience of managing it that had been acquired. A montgolfière also travelled with it, twenty feet high, whose cupola was formed of chamois leather. It was tested before its departure for the coast, and its success corresponded to the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The montgolfière, or fire-balloon, was, either accidentally or purposely, directly or indirectly, the immediate cause of Pilâtre's fearful end. He had announced some new combination of the means of ascent, which he shrouded as far as he could in mystery. It seems to have been his idea, that the gas-balloon would be sufficient to carry him, while the fire-balloon would give him great command of equilibrium, by increasing or diminishing the fire in it, so as almost to render him independent of ballast. His confidence in the long-sustaining power of his machine was one means of procuring him pecuniary aid from the government. Whatever might be the ærostatic advantages gained, the danger was increased enormously. Either a gas-balloon or a fire-balloon, alone, was infinitely safer than the two united. To crown the whole rash scheme, the hydrogen gas must necessarily float above the montgolfière. As his friend, Professor Charles, remonstrated with him, "you are

putting a chafing-dish under a barrel of gunpowder."

Pilâtre arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, followed by the anxious wishes of the subscribers to his scientific Lyceum, and also of numerous ladies of the court, who had requested him to bring back innumerable small articles from England to serve as New Year's Day presents. Two days after his arrival he was informed of the preparations which Blanchard was making in England for a voyage which should compete with his own. He became alarmed. He went to Dover; saw Blanchard; and, for a moment, entertained the hope (on account of the dilapidated condition of the balloon, from which the gas oozed in many places) that the rival ascent could not take place. His anxious fears soon resumed their power; he returned to Boulogne; left there Romain and his brother, who had accompanied him, and went to Paris in a feverish state of mental torture.

Meanwhile, Blanchard and Jefferies ascended from Dover, and reached the Forest of Guines safe and sound. Pilâtre's pride received a mortal wound at failing to be the first to cross the sea. He entreated to be excused attempting the voyage. Some say that the Controller of Finances consented, merely claiming the surplus of what had not been disbursed about the balloon. But the wretched Pilâtre, sure of success, had already spent it in enriching the experimental department of his Lyceum. Others state that when he explained his doubts and apprehensions to M. de Calonne, the minister, he met with a cold and even rough reception.

"We have not spent a hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said, "merely to help you to make an inland trip. You must turn the balloon to some useful account, and cross the channel with it."

However, in the impossibility of fulfilling the first condition, and under the necessity of at least attempting the second, he returned to Boulogne, prepared for, and evidently expecting, the worst.

It may appear strange that a minister of the crown should be so anxious about the accomplishment of a mere scientific whim,—as the balloon passage from France to England would seem to be,—and should advance so large a sum of money to further it. But there was more than a scientific result in the background, and De Rosier was probably well aware of it. It was the common report of that day, that the grand object of Pilâtre's attempt was to effect the escape of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Great Britain, by an aerial route, since terrestrial ways, it was instinctively felt, were already closed against their departure. It was already foreseen by

acute observers of the signs of the times, that the royal family of France was already doomed. The King's want of energy, *Egalité's* profligacy, Necker's vanity, the obstinate pride of the aristocracy, and the wrongs and sufferings of the people, all tended to one inevitable catastrophe. The King, even then, had not a will of his own; his house was not his castle, nor his actions free. He was drifting down the stream with that increased rapidity which denotes unmistakably that a cataract is near. No person of ordinary penetration would be surprised to find him not long afterwards a prisoner in the Tuileries, walking in the gardens with six grenadiers of the milice bourgeoise about him, with the garden gates shut in consequence of his presence, to be opened to the public as soon as he entered the palace. He might order a little railed-off garden for his son, the Dauphin, to amuse himself in; but the poor boy could not be permitted to work with his little hoe and rake without a guard of two grenadiers. Louis's most attached friends, as well as his most implacable enemies, foresaw all this, and what followed it. A balloon was one of the schemes to rescue him; and *Pilâtre de Rosier* was the man pitched upon to manage it.

It was a desperate chance, the most sanguine will admit. Even had they been launched propitiously with a favorable wind, a sudden change of that fickle element might have swept them hopelessly towards the arctic horrors of the North Sea, or to the interminable waters of the Atlantic Ocean. We shudder to imagine such a dreadful fate as possibly awaiting a delicately-nurtured king with his wife and children; we reflect, however, that such a speedy termination to their sufferings, arriving at latest in the course of a few days, would have been mercy in comparison to what they were afterwards really made to endure.

Pilâtre, then, seriously prepared for his departure. He sent off numerous pilot balloons, which were constantly driven back to the continent by adverse west and north-west winds. All this caused considerable delay, during which the balloon, exposed to the wear and tear of the elements, was considerably damaged; it was even nibbled by rats. Henceforward, the machine on which such care and expense had been bestowed, became leaky and worthless, in consequence of ill-treatment and want of shelter.

A better prospect opened at last; and as the wind was favorable, blowing from the south-east, the departure was fixed for the fifteenth of June. As the weather was exceedingly hot, preparations were commenced at daybreak, and all was ready by seven o'clock. A salute of artillery announced the launch into air. The ascent was majestic. The balloon rose perpendicularly to its great-

est elevation; it then sailed in a northerly direction, over the top of the cliff of *La Crèche*, when a current from the upper regions of the atmosphere, which had been foreseen by sailors best acquainted with Channel navigation, wafted it gently towards the continent. Twenty-three minutes had elapsed since the ropes were loosed which held the machine captive; the acclamations of the spectators had not ceased; every eye was strained to gaze after the aerial voyagers, when, just as the wind drove them back to France, cries of alarm from the united crowd announced the fearful calamity which it witnessed. A bright light burst from the upper balloon; a volume of smoke succeeded it; and then commenced the rapid fall which filled all present with consternation. The scene was frightful; the crowd shuddered with apprehension of what was immediately to follow, and swung backwards and forwards like tempest-tossed waves. After the first shock of terror, a great number of people rushed to *Wimereux*, in the vain hope of rendering some assistance. They arrived only to find the adventurers past all human aid.

I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that *Pilâtre de Rosier* perished by suicide; that he wilfully set fire to the balloon when he found there was an end of all his hopes. It is true that the almost fulminating arrangement of his apparatus might have caused the explosion to result from accident or indiscretion; and therefore no more than a suspicion ought to be suggested. But persons who watched the progress of the balloon with telescopes, assert that the valve of the hydrogen balloon was not secured. *Pilâtre*, too, was a doubly ruined man; ruined in money, and ruined in prestige. *Blanchard* had robbed him of his crowning ambition; and now an envious puff of wind forbade his ever being allowed to attempt the transportation of the royal family. *Pilâtre's* coolness, presence of mind, and faculty of avoiding impending danger, were notorious; so also were his vanity, pride, violence, and recklessness of life. A man who, in prosperity, could fill his mouth with hydrogen gas, and set fire to it there, and who could expose himself repeatedly to be struck dead in hazardous electrical experiments, was not likely to hesitate when he had to choose between disgrace and despair. His friend *Charles* had threatened to blow his brains out, if the timid king persisted in forbidding him to make an ascent that threatened danger, and which, wisely on his part, was his first and last ascent, or rather two consecutive first and last ascents on one day. We know, too, the immense interest which the court (the queen particularly) felt in *Pilâtre's* success. These, and numerous other minor scraps of evidence, all lead to the inference

that De Rosier's death was even more tragical than has been currently believed. If there be the slightest truth in the notion, Romain is even more greatly to be pited. He had refused the Marquis of Maisonfort's offer of two hundred louis-d'ors to resign his place.

The spot where they fell is a very, very little way from the sea. The conflagration must have taken place almost immediately

after the direction of their course was altered. I have several times asked, of people competent to judge, whether, if they had fallen into the sea, instead of upon the land, they could by any possibility have escaped with life. The answer has been that perhaps they might. Conceive the idea of talking face to face with a man who had fallen from the height of more than five thousand feet!

FRENCH PRICES.

Bread was on sale at 1½d. the pound English; butter at 9d. and 10d.; mutton and beef at 7d.; veal and lamb at 6½d., 7d., and 7½d.; pork at 6s. 2d.; a couple of meagre-looking chickens, 2s. 9d. to 3s.; ducks, 3s. 3d.; a goose, 4s. I could not see or hear of any game. Eggs 10d. a score. The fish-market, held exclusively by women exhibited no really fine fish: a few turbot (no salmon), and some mackerel; skate, hakefish, and gurnets, plentiful enough. The turbot at 5d. to 5-2d. a pound. Here and there some crabs and lobsters; the latter not cheap, certainly. There were an abundance of a certain small insignificant fish, called guille, or quille: a compound of the smelt and the sand-eel,—which latter is not very unlike an adder in appearance. I recognized in it a Devonshire acquaintance. These are a poor substitute for smelts. Vegetables are moderate in price, but indifferent in quality, and very limited in variety. I saw neither cauliflowers, nor broccoli, nor cucumbers, nor beetroot, nor anything except endive, that would serve for a salad: no well-grown carrots; not a white turnip to be seen, nor any bleached celery: French beans and scarlet-runners in abundance, of course; and broad beans, old and hard enough to be used as grape-shot. Onions, all red, or purple, as throughout France, three for half-penny. Potatoes, very inferior everywhere, 1s. 2d. the bushel. Fruit decidedly dear, and not first-rate; but the season had been very unfavorable, a long drought having checked the growth. Alpine strawberries (after all, the finest in flavor; the flavor of the primitive Haut-bois fruit) were still plentiful, at 8d. the pound weight. Peaches, of handsome size, 4d. each; nectarines, 3d.; apricots, full-grown, 2d. Pears, of large size, 11-2d. each. Melons, from 10d. to 1s. 10d.—

Musgraves Ramble through Normandy.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed hand;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Household Words.

History of My Youth. By Francis Arago, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Translated by the Reverend Baden Powell, A.M., etc., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. (Traveller's Library.)

[Arago's early autobiography—memorable for its example of what industry can effect, impelled by genius employed on a congenial subject, and interesting for the account of the author's adventures in Spain, Majorca, and Algiers—has been added by Messrs. Longman to their Traveller's Library. It is the beginning of a complete edition of the astronomer's works, to be undertaken by some of the first scientific men in the country—Admiral Smyth, Colonel Sabine, Professor Powell, and Mr. Grant.]

Spectator.

From The Churchman.

A REMARKABLE MONUMENT.

WE have before noticed the affecting case of the child Dunnan, who was whipped to death at Milwaukee for persisting in telling the truth. A public monument is about to be erected to this poor, but most exemplary Christian child, as a martyr to truth; and a beautiful engraving of it is just published, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the fund for that purpose. The Committee have, in furtherance of the object, issued the following

CIRCULAR

To the Sabbath School Children of the United States:

DEAR CHILDREN.—In the month of October, 1844, a poor but pious family of the name of Dannan came to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from Trevelyan, Cornwall, England. The family consisted of nine persons, Benjamin Dannan and Mary his wife, and seven children; Emanuel, the youngest was born in Trevelyan, Feb. 25th, 1844. In March, 1847, the father died of consumption, brought on by severe labor and exposure. When cautioned, in reference to it by a friend, he said, "God has given me this wife and these children, and I wish not only to provide for them, but also to teach them by my example, to learn and labor truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them." In July, 1847, the mother also died, and the children were left alone, yet not alone, for God watched over them, and kept alive in their hearts that love of truth which had been implanted there by the teachings and example of their pious parents, and which "Emanuel," in the language of one of his sisters, "was old enough to learn and not forget." After the death of his mother, Emanuel remained two months with the Rev. Benjamin Akerly of Milwaukee, who was ever ready to aid the orphan and the destitute, and was afterward placed by him under the care of Joseph Moore, Emanuel's uncle, with whose family he remained until the death of Mr. Moore and his wife, when he was taken into the Milwaukee poor-house, where he remained until the Spring of 1850, when he was adopted by Samuel W. Norton, a man residing in Marquette county, Wis., with whom he resided two and a half years, and until he was found in the house of his adopted father dead, having been, by Norton's own confession, whipped to death. Norton and his wife were arrested for manslaughter. In the language of the Hon. Judge Larrabee, before whom they were tried, it appeared that,

The defendants—husband and wife—were respectable farming people, residing in Marquette

county, and were childless. They had two orphan children bound to them—one a little girl about ten years of age, and the other the boy Emanuel, eight years of age. I have no means of ascertaining anything of the previous history of Emanuel, and only know that he was taken from the Milwaukee Poor House. He was a fragile child, and had never been in robust health. Those who knew him, spoke of him as an intelligent, bright blue-eyed boy, and very winning in his playful little ways.

It appeared from the testimony of the little girl—who was the sole witness to the torture—that Emanuel was charged with having told a lie. What the lie was, we could not, by either persuasion, or by fear of punishment, induce her to tell. The counsel for the State exhausted their ingenuity in vain; nor could I, after drawing her to me, and by soothing words, endeavoring to quiet her fears, induce her to tell what the lie was. The child had evidently been intimidated by threats of personal injury. This was afterward ascertained to be the fact, when the trial was over, and her foster-parents safely lodged in prison. She then said that Emanuel had, by chance, discovered the woman in a criminal act and had told her, and she had told her wicked parents. Hence it became all-important to the woman (who had succeeded in quieting her husband) that the lie should be whipped out of Emanuel. Accordingly, the man procured six whips—the toughest kind of swamp willow—which, by his own confession, were four feet in length, and as large at the butt as one's little finger and about 9 o'clock at night took Emanuel—who still persisted in telling the truth—to the loft of the cabin, and having stripped him to his shirt, wound that around his neck, and tied him up, by a cord, by both wrists, to a rafter, so that his feet but barely touched the ground.

Here he whipped him for two hours, only resting at intervals to procure a fresh whip, or to demand of his victim that he should own that he told a lie. The boy's only answer was, 'Pa, I told the truth. Pa, I did not lie.' The girl said that Emanuel *did not cry much*; and it is probable that he fainted during a portion of the time, as the injuries upon his body, testified that there was not a spot, from the arm-pits to the ankles, large enough to place your finger upon, but was covered with livid welts; and that in very many places the skin was broken!

And still the brave boy held out! He must have had a sainted mother, for the teachings of none other could have so implanted truth in his every fibre.

Yes—still he held out: and when he was taken down, with the cords cutting deep into his little wrists, and the warm blood trickling from his limbs, with his head upon his murderer's shoulder, his last words, 'Pa! I am so cold!' and then his pure spirit fled for ever, beyond the reach of torture and inhumanity, to that bright world where wrong and oppression can never be known.

He unquestionably died with TRUTH still in his heart, and was a martyr to it.

The whips were quite worn up, as the splintered fragments were afterward found. The trial

as you may imagine, was one of deep and painful interest. There was scarce a dry eye in the court room. The verdict was *manslaughter in the first degree*, and the convicts were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison—the extreme penalty of the law.

At the last Convention of the Wisconsin Sunday School Union, a Committee were appointed, who, with others, were subsequently incorporated by act of the Legislature of the State of Wisconsin into an Association, entitled the Dannan Monument Association, with power to erect a monument or such other testimonial as they might deem proper, to perpetuate the memory of Emanuel Dannan.

In pursuance of the objects for which we are associated together, we address you.

It is the desire of the Association that a beautiful marble monument should be erected in a public square of the city of Milwaukee, that shall be a pillar by night and by day, to guide the thousands hurrying by—the mari-

ner, the immigrant, and the citizen—in the pathway of truth, to the land of promise. We desire, also to raise a fund to establish new Sabbath Schools in the West, and to educate destitute children.

Sabbath School Children of the United States, will you give of the abundance which God has given to you for so noble a purpose? Will you raise on the Western shore of the mighty Michigan, the first monument to truth ever erected? Will you aid in perpetuating the memory of the little martyr Emanuel, the Sunday School Scholar? Will you aid in establishing Sabbath Schools in the new settlements, and spreading the Word of God over the broad prairies of the West, and raise in the hearts of thousands of destitute children, a monument of gratitude, truth, and love, that shall endure when time shall be no more, and until the contributors shall, if they love truth like Emanuel, have gone to that happy home where falsehood or aught that maketh a lie can never enter?

NEW PERIODICALS.

The Bombay Quarterly Review. No. I. January 1855.

[This new Bombay quarterly is a work of solid merit, as well as literary ability; the matter and the manner of the majority of its articles equal the average of our own reviews. The notices of *Kaye's Life of Metcalfe*, and of the late Mr. *Ers-kine's History of India under Baber*, very skilfully extract the best matter of the books, add thereto some views or information of the writers, and present the whole in a terse and striking way by minds accustomed to historical studies. *Thackeray's* novels form a clever notice by an admirer of the great prose satirist; Mr. *Anderson's* compilation on the annals of the early Factories furnishes a peg on which to hang an account of the English in India during the seventeenth century. An approach is made to topics of a more business like character in a criticism of some Bombay rules for the examination of Junior Civil Servants, and the late Mr. Mackay's Report on Guzerat. The last is a keen exposition of Mackay's unconscious onesidedness on Indian affairs, with an intimation that his Manchester employers have sent forth his first views without the qualifications which experience induced on many points, and of which, change in opinion the reviewer seems to think Mr. Bright and his friends were fully informed.]

So far as regards variety of subjects and literary ability, this publication is very creditable to Bombay. It may be a question whether a greater predominance of Indian questions would not be more appropriate. Baber, Thackeray's novels, and Kaye's Metcalfe in a less degree, are well known if not exhausted subjects. We do not want to fetch from India what we have already got at home, but look for large and living Indian

questions, treated in a deep, broad, and catholic manner. It is probable that the Indian public is in the same position; for they can get all European works as easily as we can, only a little later. If Indian subjects be not handled fully in India it will not be done at home.]

Spectator.

The True Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, as instituted in Scripture, and received by the Catholic Church in all ages, in refutation of Archdeacon Wilberforce's Book "The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," and the Popish views of that Sacrament in general. By the Reverend J. Taylor, M.A., Trin. Coll. Cam., Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's Free Grammar School, Wakefield, etc.

[This volume is written in answer to the book on the same subject by Mr. Wilberforce the late Archdeacon. It appears to be a careful and conscientious work, on a plan well adapted to bring the evidence upon the question fully before the reader, so as to enable him to draw his own conclusions. This plan consists in arranging the evidences in several classes—Scripture, the Fathers, the writers who succeeded them, the usages of the older Church; and the confessions of Protestants in general; for the doctrine of the Council of Trent, and of the Romish Church at least since that Council, is not of course denied. The particular questions connected with the opinion of the eucharist are then separately arranged, and the exact words of different writers quoted; the author intermixing arguments with proofs. Independently of the great length to which any discussion of the question upon the grounds of evidence and construction would lead, the subject is not of a nature adapted to our columns.]

Spectator.

From Household Words.

RALPH THE NATURALIST.

A STRANGE dreamy fellow was Ralph Jessett, always wandering about the woods and fields by himself, and finding out more secrets of nature, in his queer shambling way, than he would have ever learnt from science had he gone through all the triposes of Cambridge. He knew where almost every nest in the garden was, from the tomtit's, in the wall of the old arbor, to the shy linnet's, hidden low among the shrubby trees; and the sitting birds never flew away from Ralph Jessett's looking at them. They seemed to know that he was a friend, and would not harm them. He would tell marvellous stories of the intelligence of all creation, from snails to dogs; and as for spiders, and earwigs, and centipedes, and all manner of creeping, crawling, wriggling creatures, why to hear him, you would think that Newton and Shakspeare were mere humbugs compared to them. He had no antipathies either. It was quite curious to see the unconcern with which he would handle slugs, toads, water-newts, — every kind of entomological abomination; saying with his sweet smile and embarrassed humility, "The more one knows, the more one loves all things in nature." And then he would give long accounts of the love-worthiness of these creatures, the very mention of which would have made many a young lady scream and shudder; but after hearing Ralph's biographies, one felt quite respectfully towards efts, and egleys, and stag-beetles and hundred-legs of every race, and almost ashamed somehow of being a man, and not an insect.

He had always been queer, this poor relation of the rich Temples of Manor House. His mother used to fret about him a great deal before she died; for she fancied he was not quite "canny," as the Scotch say, and that he would never make his way in the world; left as he was without fortune, and with such unprofitable tastes only. For he cared only for natural history, and only for that experimentally, not scientifically. When quite a little fellow — and obliged to stop at home alone, and not take part in any sort of game or play, because he was so sickly — he might be heard talking to the butterflies and birds flying low about him, holding long conversations with them, and telling them that he loved them, — oh! far better than anything else in the world; which he did, excepting his dear mother.

In the days of witchcraft and fairy-folk, Ralph would have been thought an elf-child to begin with, and a wizard as he went on. As it was, he was such a withered, quaint, odd-looking creature, with so much irregular learning, and so much simplicity of character, that

it was a puzzle to many whether he were 'cute or simple, as the country people say. And when he went to live at Manor House, on his mother's death, it was thought quite a charity in Mr. Temple to take him, (though he received payment for his education and maintenance), and a very great honor for Ralph to be admitted to his establishment. They were cousins though; and in early life Ralph's father had been of infinite service to Mr. Temple. But Ralph thought it an honor with the rest, and said so loudly; for he had not a very exalted notion of his own dignity, and was far more inclined to gratitude than to self-assertion. His birds and insects taught him humility, he used to say.

The Temples were very kind, in their way, to Ralph. Mrs. Temple took great interest in him, and supplied him with books, and encouraged his tastes so far as she could. For she was a sweet, placid, fair-faced woman, — one of those women who go up stairs very slowly, and who breathe very hard while they are doing so, — an indolent gentlewoman, who was never seen to run since her teens, and who was never known to be cross since she cut her teeth, — a woman whose most positive acts were those that should make other people happy, and whose only incentive to exertion was that she would do a kindness to another. She petted Ralph a good deal. Her husband — a hard pompous man, who carried everything before him in the parish by dint of quickness in figures and a deep voice — said she spoilt the boy. He did not approve of poor relations with quaint tastes and inquiring minds. He thought they ought to be practical, — "fit for clerkships and counting-houses, sir; not always living in snail-shells and dog-kennels." But now he was obliged to confess that patronage might be worse bestowed than on that "loose-jointed awkward fool of a fellow, who, by Jove, sir, would not kill the slugs off my peach-trees, nor shoot the blackbirds in the cherry-trees, nor take the crows' nests, nor shoot the sparrows, — who would not even chop up a worm when he was digging in the garden!" But at last he got accustomed to Ralph and his odd ways; and, partly perhaps because all his energies were absorbed in opposing an obnoxious churchwarden whom he used to call a viper and a traitor to the blessed constitution, he let him alone, and allowed his wife to dispense her sweet charities at her will. So Ralph wandered about, looking after grubs and caterpillars, or sat by the fire reading about ants, and emmets, and song-birds, and dormice, till he knew as much about them as one of themselves, — and perhaps more.

Little Miss Temple and Ralph Jessett were great friends. She was a little lady of

about five or six years old when Ralph came to Manor House,—he a boy of eighteen or nineteen; and they soon became the firmest and fastest allies possible. The way in which the little thing used to cling to him, follow him about the garden, and perch on his knee to hear his stories about creeping things, was quite beautiful. All the servants said that Master Ralph was the only one in the world who could manage Miss Letty,—“the plague of the whole house,” they used to add savagely, and truly; for that she was this domestic inconvenience there is no denying, I fear. What can a healthy well-organized child be but a plague, if all her youth and energy of life be placed under the harrow of conventionality? Miss Letty was no exception to the rule that force must have an object, and that energy must be expanded; still less to that which makes healthy children of high spirits family torments, unless they are allowed to live somewhat according to the necessities of their being. However, she was very good to Ralph, and did not tease him much. And Ralph, in return for her patronage, instructed her in a great deal of insect lore, and taught her the names of birds, and the habits of fishes, and the wonderful virtues of plants,—Letty sitting on his knee down in the old arbor, where the tomtit's nest was, wondering if she should ever be as clever as Ralph Jessett, and what a pity it was her doll could not hear him as well as she did. So Ralph and Letty were great cronies, and believed in each other implicitly.

Time gradually unfolded one after another of his huge iron books of years; till the little Letty had grown into a fine handsome girl of eighteen, with eyes as blue as the sky on a hot summer's day, and hair as golden as the sun's. She was a magnificent specimen of a Saxon girl, with perhaps more animation in that fresh, round face of hers than many of the Saxon race “pure blood,”—with a pair of large round shoulders as white as snow, and arms and hands that would have made the fortune of a modeller, if he could have copied them correctly. Her lips were as fresh and red, and her skin was as white as human flesh may be; and altogether she was as superb a being as you would see anywhere in England, and was consequently a great pride to the parents, and the acknowledged beauty of the county. She herself quite conscious too, in a good-tempered way, that she was beautiful and admirable,—vain as a high-bred hunter would have been vain, if conversant with his own peculiar points of beauty,—not like a peacock, but in a free, half-laughing, gallant manner, quite content to admire herself, but not fretting after the admiration of all the world beside;

perhaps because she had it. And all the time she had been developing into this grand creature—all the time she had been growing stronger and handsomer, and fuller of life and more powerful—Ralph Jessett had shrunk and shrunk, till now, at a little more than thirty, he was bald and gray, and withered and wrinkled; shyer and more awkward than ever; a better naturalist certainly, but stranger, more shambling and less worldly than he was when, as a boy of eighteen, he first came to Manor House as Mr. Temple's poor relation,—more loved than ever by everybody. Even the squire sometimes condescended to exchange a few kindly words with him, and sweet Mrs. Temple, stouter and lazier than in olden times, smiling on him placidly, as she kept him holding skeins for her to wind off his hands, by the hour together; Miss Letty only changing somewhat in her demonstrations, eschewing now that particular form of friendship which she and her doll used to indulge in, ten years ago, down in the tomtit's arbor, but capital friends still with Ralph, although she did no longer sit on his knee, and try to poke out his eyes; but counting him as entirely her property and creature as Dido, her spaniel, or Frisk, her pony,—Ralph nothing loth to be so elated, as much for love of his co-subjects as for their queen.

As Miss Letty grew out into this brilliant womanhood, Ralph's manners were observed to change. Always respectful, even to the little girl, he became reverential to the young lady; and while his anxiety to please her increased tenfold, his embarrassment and shyness increased tenfold as well. She herself saw it at last, and scolded Ralph soundly, for she was a free-spoken, free-hearted girl, and hated mysteries and misunderstandings. She told Ralph once, that if he was dissatisfied with her, and spoke to her in that ridiculous way—why she was n't an eastern princess!—he had better go; for she hated people to be unhappy because of her, and what had she done to make him so cool and reserved? A speech which made Ralph cry as if his heart was breaking; partly from distress at having offended her, and partly from gratitude at her condescension in taking any notice of his manners at all. At which Miss Letty said, she thought he must be really half an idiot—Ralph looking as delighted as if she had called him an angel—for how could people have been brought up together without getting fond of each other, and had they not been good friends all their lives? so why should n't she care for him like her own brother now? Which was such a pleasant ending to their quarrel, that Ralph had no sleep all night in consequence.

About this time Mr. Temple took it into his head that Ralph Jessett should “commence a career of usefulness.” He had his

choice of every profession under the sun, said the squire; but choose one he must. So Ralph, after a great deal of hesitation, chose that of an analytical chemist, which, at least, was a branch of natural science, he said. People laughed at the notion of such an awkward fellow ever making delicate experiments. "Why, he would be frightened at his own chemicals," they all said; but Ralph blushed and fidgeted, and told them he should get over that, perhaps, if it were necessary; at any rate he would try. Good Mrs. Temple aided him in the way he was going, as usual; and Miss Letty, too, said he was right to obey papa, and do as he told him; but she cried when the time came for him to go, and pouted a great deal. Ralph went almost beside himself at the sight of her tears, and was nearly giving up the plan, and bearding Mr. Temple in his den—the library—in a fit of enthusiastic rebellion, had he not been afraid of Mrs. Temple, who fortunately was in the room at the moment. But it was dreadful. He used to wonder, afterwards, at his own firmness; and always felt like a murderer whenever he thought that he had once made Miss Letty cry. However, Letty dried her eyes, which began to smart, and old Ralph went away to a chemist's in Edinburgh; and in a short time Miss Letty grew accustomed to his absence, and gradually re-organized her life without him. For she was not a very reflective young lady; nor one whose affections went much beyond the limit of her vision. A joyous, red-lipped, white-armed girl, life was all before her, and pleasure for the present, hope for the future, but no regret for the past, bound her in a silver chain, strung through with flowers. So, while Ralph studied the properties of gases, and dreamed of Miss Letty by turns, the foot-prints of the past were being slowly effaced from that young lady's heart by the rising waves of new associations.

Miss Letty went a visiting. To the Delaforges, of Delaforce House,—an old French emigrant family, which, by intermarriage with English heiresses had gradually raised themselves to opulence and consideration. There was one son now in the family, a young man just of age, owning a dog-cart and a pair of moustachios. There was also a daughter of Letty's own age; who, as often chances with sisters possessing handsome brothers, was the especial darling of all the young ladies in the place, and chief of all with Letty Temple, the heiress of Manor House. When Letty went, she was gay; when Letty came back, she was dull. Her father and mother both saw the change, and asked the reason; but Letty pouted or laughed, according to her humor, and refused to give any. "There

was none," she said, "it was all papa's fancy;" and then she ran away down into the shrubbery at the end of the garden, where she had half-a-dozen hiding-places, no one but Ralph and herself knew of; and there they were obliged to leave her, till she chose to emerge of her own accord. And as in a short time she forgot to be quite so dull as when she first came home, and as she looked well, and ate well, and slept well, and was only rather cross at times, her father and mother ceased to ask her any questions on the subject, or, indeed, to think of her changed manner at all. Mrs. Temple only said, sometimes, "My love, I am sure you are bilious to-day."

Miss Letty was in love. The reader knows that, though the squire did not. But young Mr. Delaforce, who had had a love in London, had declared to his sister Julia, that "Miss Temple was not at all his style of beauty, and that he did not admire her the least in the world." Which complicated matters not a little.

In the mean time Ralph came home for a vacation from his gases and retorts, and soon Letty and he were on their old terms of confidence together. Letty told him all that moved in her world, and he told Letty all that he thought and felt in his. But as yet the name of Montague Delaforce had not been mentioned between them.

"Ralph," said Letty, suddenly. They were in the arbor together, at the bottom of the garden; the arbor in the shrubbery, where the old tomtit's nest used to be, when Letty was a child. "Ralph, do you think me pretty?" She did not look merely pretty when she asked that question, but superbly handsome.

"Yes," said Ralph, nervously, "I do, Miss Letty: very pretty," with emphasis.

"Would every one, Ralph?"

"I should think so, Miss Letty, every one who had eyes, and knew what beauty was when they saw it."

Letty appeared to reflect; her thoughts were never very profound, but this time she did think. And then she said, suddenly, "Then, Ralph, why does not Mr. Delaforce like me better?"

A question poor Ralph was quite unable to answer; excepting by a vague invective against Mr. Delaforce, for daring to have any thought about Miss Letty Temple but one of reverence and awful admiration.

"I wish you would tell him all that," said Letty, when he had ended.

"Why, Miss Letty?"

"Because he does not like me," said Letty, bluntly; "and I wish he did."

Ralph was indignant at Miss Letty's holding herself so cheap. He thought she ought to be indifferent to Mr. Delaforce, and every

other Mr. in the world. Why, there was not one fit to tie her very shoe-strings, he said angrily — quite savagely, for him — and why did she care for Mr. Delaforce or any one like him? A set of senseless puppies that wanted cropping — what was there to care about in them?

"But I do care," persisted Letty. "And I don't like Mr. Montague to slight me as he does; it is not pleasant. So, dear old Ralph, you must make him think better of me; for I am so fond of Julia, that it is quite disagreeable her brother hating me as he does," she added, almost crying. And I dare say she thought she did care as much for Julia as she did for Julia's brother.

Of course Ralph could only do as he was bid, and further his young queen's wishes to the utmost. So now, whenever he saw the Delaforces; which, owing to Miss Letty's excessive attachment to Miss Julia, was frequent, he lost no opportunity of extolling that young lady's perfections; especially before Mr. Montague, though it almost choked him to do so, to gain the admiration of such a puppy as that for his sovereign mistress. In which process of exaltation Ralph grew sadder and paler daily, though he could not himself have told what was the matter with him.

One particularly fine day in Spring, Mr. Montague's love in London married Captain Wilkie of the Blues. They had been engaged for the orthodox time, unknown to Mr. Montague Delaforce; who, being an heir to a good estate, the young lady — a practised politician — had kept in her train lest Captain Wilkie should desert. But he came to the point after a great deal of by-play, and so the young civilian was dismissed; whereupon Mr. Montague the heir came down to Delaforce House in a rage, and buried himself among the elms and the oaks in the park, like a Bond Street Timon as he was. To divert the heir from his misanthropy, or rather from his misogyny, and to retune his mind to social harmonies again, and make him fling off his mud boots and shave, the Delaforces thought of Miss Letty Temple; to whom an invitation was sent on the plea of Miss Julia's ardent affection, and the necessity that young lady was under of teaching her a new pattern in crochet. A necessity Miss Letty fully accepted, though she handled a crochet-needle about as deftly as an Amazon would, in the days of Theseus and his Athenians.

The scheme seemed about to fail. Mr. Montague, full of that London love with black eyes, found no solace in those large liquid blue eyes which looked so frankly into his. He was even profane enough to call them like boiled gooseberries, in his eagerness of admiration for Mrs. Captain Wilkie of the Blues. Her hair he called like flax — like tow

he meant — and then raved frantically about the "beauty of ebon tresses; which spoil an educated eye," he added disdainfully, "for anything so fade as Miss Temple."

Of course Letty knew nothing of all these disparaging comparisons. She only thought that Mr. Delaforce was very cold to her, and that she wished he was kinder; but she did not know that he positively despised her handsome face and noble carriage, and that he preferred a little dark Celtic creature, as Mrs. Wilkie was, to her large Saxon loveliness, which a savage would have thought came direct from heaven. I don't know what this large-eyed, white-shouldered girl would have done, if she had known the truth. — Most probably offended pride would have driven every other feeling out of her head. So perhaps it was a pity she did not know. But a change came about. In this wise.

One evening Miss Letty was asked to sing. She sang one of those delicious songs one sees advertised with pathetic titles, that make young ladies violently sentimental. It was something about loving for ever; and "Forget thee, no!" Miss Letty sang it with emphasis, looking as if she had really a lover whom she was called on to abide by, or to renounce. This song touched the sore place in Mr. Delaforce's heart. It has been credibly affirmed that tears came into his eyes; for he was thinking of that London love of his, who once had given him her bouquet, and once had pressed his hand — he was sure of it — when he pressed hers, in the quadrille chaine des dames: and he felt grateful to Miss Letty for bringing his woe so soothingly before him. When she had ended, he went and sat down on the sofa by her, and began to talk sentiment; which being sad trash, we shall not attempt to transcribe. It broke the ice between them, however; and made poor Letty very happy — silly child! — for she thought his romantic commonplaces the highest point to which the poetry of human feeling could go, and she began to cherish an intellectual esteem, as well as a personal admiration, for Mr. Montague Delaforce, which would have astonished none more than that young gentleman himself, had he known it. He had been twice plucked at Cambridge for his little-go.

In the midst of this incipient love-making, Ralph Jessett came shambling over with a sad face, to tell Miss Letty that her father was ill, and she must go home. The carriage would come for her in a few minutes; and Miss Letty had better pack up her things before it did come, for they wanted her back directly.

As Letty was an affectionate daughter she began to cry violently on receiving this news. Ralph was overwhelmed at the sight of her grief. He had never known that she was so

fond of her father; and he called himself all sorts of names, like dolt and idiot, because he had told her too suddenly, and had shocked and scared her. Letty only sobbed the more, as she turned her back full on poor old Ralph, and clung around Julia's neck, as if Julia had been her guardian angel entering on a term of banishment. And Julia cried too, and said, "ssh! ssh!" patting Miss Letty's back with both her hands. It was a formula of consolation that had not much effect on the patient. And then the carriage came, and the fatal moment; and poor Miss Letty was obliged to say farewell; Mr. Montague looking the deepest tragedy as he handed her into the barouche; and Ralph feeling somehow that he had incurred everybody's displeasure, and stood at that moment in the position of a moral Ishmael: which position Miss Letty kept him in all the way home—it was eight miles—not deigning to look at him nor speak to him once during that whole drive, but making him profoundly sensible that she considered herself injured by him, and that she was his victim and his prisoner.

"Ralph," she said the next day, "I behaved very ill to you yesterday."

"No, Miss Letty; not ill to me. You were only unhappy, and so behaved ill to yourself."

"Nonsense, Ralph; you know that I did. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Miss Letty, if you did; but"—

"Well, never mind buts. Will you walk over to Delaforce House for me, this afternoon?" She spoke very quickly and looked down.

"Yes, Miss Letty."

"And take a letter from me to Julia? I want to tell her that papa is better, and that it is nothing catching."

"But who ever said it was?" asked Ralph, in astonishment. "I did not bring that message yesterday."

"Never mind," retorted Letty; "take the letter, and don't ask questions."

Which closed Ralph's mouth at once.

So the letter was written, and Ralph set out through the woods to Delaforce House; miserably unhappy, and with the kind of feeling he would have had if there had come stealing on a perpetual eclipse of the sun. But he got to the house at last, and delivered his credentials; and Miss Julia made her ringlets dance as she ran off to Montague, saying, "Oh, Monty, we can go to the Manor when we like!" A piece of news that made that young gentleman smile below his moustache gaily; and declare his intention of riding over to-morrow. And when his sister had embodied that intention in a small three-cornered note, Ralph was sent home again, dimly conscious that he had been instrumental in a plot, he did not know how.

But the plot went on, under the same instrumentality. Ralph Jessett was soon installed regular postman between the Manor House and the Delaforces; and did actually go twice in one day to please Miss Letty. He walked thirty-two miles on a hot summer's day, to the end that Mr. Montague Delaforce should know the right meaning of this phrase: "You are very cruel to doubt me. If I tell you to wait until papa is better, it is not that I am indifferent to your feelings, but only more careful of the future than you are;" which, Mr. Montague—being a youth more gifted with beauty than with brains, and being moreover one of those sensitive people who are always taking offence at nothing—considered to be a phrase wounding to his dignity and common sense; requiring explanation before things could go on any farther. And thus matters continued. When Mr. Temple grew better, the plot exploded, the mystery was dissolved, and Mr. Montague Delaforce, asking for the honor of Miss Temple's hand, and accepted, opened Ralph's eyes as with the touch of a magic wand. And, amidst a storm of agony and grief such as one would not have imagined that such a gentle creature as he could have felt, he came to the knowledge suddenly that he had been unconsciously the instrument of his own sorrow—the innocent suicide of his own happiness. So long as Miss Letty was unmarried, and he, Ralph Jessett, could live near her and with her; could read to her, wait on her, do her pleasure, attend to her commands, devote his whole life to her, and live as a slave in the shadow of the altar, he would have been quite as blessed as he desired—and, as he thought, deserved—in his unconscious love and unselfish adoration. For, Ralph thought it was joy and honor enough for him to be allowed to love Letty in his own way. But now—taken from him and married to a man he thought as little worthy of her, in spite of his curling hair and grand moustache, as if he had been a blackamoor from Africa: it was more like his own death than her marriage. If Mr. Montague had been better; if he had been wiser, and older, and steadier—then indeed; but as it was! Oh! his queen, his darling, his little Letty, who used to sit on his knee, and ask him for stories by the hour; his gracious young lady who had always been so good and condescending to him! Ralph could not bear it. With a wailing stifled cry he fell back against the old oak tree; and, for a long time, all nature and all grief alike were shut out from him. But when the faintness passed, and he was obliged to remember again, he turned away with a breaking heart from the blank of his future; feeling that his life without Miss Letty as its queen and guiding star, would be a mere desert without shade or verdure. Even his earwigs and his em-

met lost their charm; chemistry seemed a mere phantasmagoria of flitting vapors, without form or object.

He would go away again, he said. His vacation was over, and he would go back to Edinburgh. He was of no use here: a queer fellow like himself was out of place in such times as weddings. He looked so ill and worn when he said this, that Mrs. Temple noticed it, and asked him, breathingly, what was the matter with him? So did Miss Letty, even in the midst of all her rose colored excitement and most fervent girlish love. She went to him, after breakfast, and pouted in her old way of command, and told him, for the thousandth time in their joint lives together, that he was an idiot and an old baby, and asked what was wrong now?

"Oh, Miss Letty!" began Ralph; but he could get no farther. He gave a loud sob, and rushed from the room, down the garden to that favorite retreat the shrubbery, where he burrowed in among the trees, and remained all the day. He was a little consoled by finding a new red fungus and a variety of ladybird.

"Can Ralph be jealous?" thought Miss Letty, with her blue eyes very wide open.

However, Ralph was not allowed to go away before the wedding. Letty, who, of course, had no idea of the truth, insisted on his staying. She should not feel happy; she should not feel married, she said; unless

Ralph was there. So Ralph smothered his own feelings and obeyed her, and found a certain amount of happiness for the time, as usual, in his obedience. It was something to suffer at her command! But, when the wedding-day came, and he had seen her given away, his pride, his joy, his life, his own soul — given away to the keeping of a handsome, foolish, petulant fop — when there was no longer any joy on earth for him, no longer any hope, even of the moonlight pleasure of his life — when, standing in the dusty road to see her pass, taking off his hat as to a queen, and letting his long gray hair stream in the summer breeze as he gazed his last look at her, lying back in the carriage in all her white wedding loveliness and glory — when, on her turning back again and again, leaning out to see him so long as she could, and waving her hand and handkerchief to him kindly, she saw him still standing there, like a statue without life or motion — and when the carriage finally disappeared behind the trees — then Ralph plunged wildly into the woods, and wandered away from Manor House forever. Wandering through the world in poverty and privation, a gentle, harmless, half-crazed naturalist, who knew the haunts and habits of every tiny creature to be found in England, and who sometimes in his restless sleep — large tears rolling quietly down his withered cheeks — murmured plaintively, "Miss Letty!" and "Lost! lost!"

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.—The chief difficulty in killing the grizzly bear arises from the formation of his head, which is convex. The ball generally glances off sufficiently to avoid the brain; you have, in fact, but three vital parts, the back of the ear, the spine, and the heart; and it is said that the grizzly bear will live long enough after being shot in the latter part to do much mischief. He is always in motion; and I think the steadiest of hunters will allow that his conduct when wounded is not calculated to improve one's aim. The very fact of finding that you hit him so often without effect destroys confidence, and the sudden rush that the bear makes at his assailant is a great trial to the hunter's nerves. There are many accidents of the description I witnessed on record, although I know one or two instances of bears being killed at the first shot.

Of the grizzly bear Mr. Marryat further informs us that he is of inoffensive habits, unless when attacked, and rather avoids the presence of man than courts it. He only once shot one himself, which he modestly tells us was a very small one—in fact only a cub. "The she-bear," he says, "is invariably irascible when nursing, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that the male bear is seldom found in her company; to her he leaves the education and support of their progeny, whilst he seeks amusement elsewhere—

I might say at his club, for it is the habit of bears to congregate in threes or fours under a tree for hours, and dance on their hams in a very ludicrous manner, with no apparent ostensible object but that of passing the time away and getting away from their wives."—*Mountains & Molehills.*

Tuesday. LORD MONTEAGLE apprised the Lords that by a bill they were passing through Committee without a word of remark, they were imposing about £500,000 a year of new taxation, and acceding to a loan which was being taken secretly, after Mr. GLADSTONE had declared that no loans should be resorted to. Lord GRANVILLE defended Mr. GLADSTONE's consistency, which was of course the important point before them, and the bill went quietly through committee.

We see it stated that one of the last acts of the Emperor Nicholas was to present a diamond ring to a writer named Rotchoff. It is perhaps a unique instance of any demonstration of a regard for the friendship of literature during the late reign. Of course, the writing was political. Under the title of "The Truth about England," M. Rotchoff, we understand, has produced a romance as curious of its kind as M. Ledru-Rollin's "Decline of England."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE AND WILLIAM PRYNNE.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

A PLEASANT place, in spring or summer time is the Island of Jersey. But in autumn more especially, when the lawyer breaks loose for the long vacation, and mingles with the herds of tourists who quit the pent-up city at that season for a week or two's ramble "in parts beyond the sea," where can be found a pleasanter spot for a fortnight's sojourn? We write with a full recollection of its narrow, shady roads, overarched with foliage; its pleasant variety of hill and dale; its orchards of apple-trees laden with clustering fruit; its beautiful bays, where the transparent waves leap one after another on the sand, leaving behind them wreaths of foam, or playfully clasp the pointed rocks, like beautiful sea-nymphs disporting themselves in the joyous sunlight; and its pretty villas, that rise on all sides, comfortable and substantial, but light and elegant—hemmed in with gay flower-gardens and luxuriant shrubberies.

Jersey has also historical sites of some interest to the thoughtful wayfarer. Among these is the old castle of Mont Orgueil, "proud mount," or "mount of pride," at the eastern extremity of the island; a fortress of great antiquity, erected it is said by the Normans, near the site of a Roman encampment, as early as the tenth century.* Its situation is striking and romantic. Like some of the Rhineland castles, it appears to have grown out of the solid rock; and despite of war and wind and weather, it stands firm and immovable as the rock itself—the *beau idéal* of a feudal strong hold. From the summit of the keep there is a fine view of the coast of France, six miles distant; and on clear days the triple towers of the Cathedral of Coutances are plainly visible. In the castle itself are discernible all the peculiarities of the Norman fortress, which we shall not here stay to describe. The tourist will do well, before he quits the place, to take a draught of water from the castle well. It is as clear as crystal, and even in Midsummer cold as ice. To those who have been used to the purest water—and London produces some of the best, particularly from its old pumps, in the Temple, Aldgate, and St. Paul's Churchyard—a draught from this spring will be esteemed a real luxury.

Mont Orgueil Castle has its cells—the dark, narrow prison-rooms with which a feudal fortress was always furnished; and one of these is celebrated as having been the place of captivity of the celebrated William Prynne, after he had been cruelly maimed and branded by order of the Star-Chamber. It is a low, dark hole, which the visitor cannot enter without stooping; lighted by a single embrasure in the massive wall, and cold and cheerless as a tomb. Here, for nearly three years; was imprisoned this brave and restless Puritan, whose spirit neither threats, nor sufferings, nor years could tame; and whose fate it was, in an age of civil commotion, to suffer persecution at the hands of all parties.

* See Charles II. and the Channel Islands, by S. Elliott Hoskyns, M.D., vol. i. 1854.

There are many interesting circumstances connected with Prynne's captivity in Jersey, which are honorable alike to the prisoner and to the jailer in whose custody he was placed. Sir Philip Carteret was at that time lieutenant-governor of the island, over which he exercised almost despotic authority. Sir Philip was a staunch royalist, of ancient name and lineage; but his heart softened towards the unfortunate captive who had been committed to his care, and he treated him—Puritan and Malignant as he was—with rare kindness and consideration.—He allowed him every indulgence in his power; gave him permission to take the air when he chose on the platform surmounting the keep; and conversed at all times with him freely and on equal terms. The relationship of captive and jailer was soon converted into a tie of a very different kind. Above all, the ladies of Sir Philip's family were permitted to lavish their courtesies on the Puritan prisoner. Dame Carteret vied with her lord in gracious kindnesses; and these were afterwards acknowledged by Prynne, in the dedication of a volume of very indifferent verses (for he was certainly no poet), "To the right worshipfull, his most highly honored, speciall kind friend, the truly vertuous and religious lady, Anne Carteret."

Thus indebted to his jailer for all that could soften captivity, Prynne was not behindhand in gratitude. His attachment to the Carterets survived the period of his captivity; and he even went so far, on his return to England, as to take Sir Philip's part against his Puritan opponents in the island. Few of the incidents of our civil commotions are more interesting than this firm alliance—commenced in compassion and cemented by gratitude—between the stern and uncompromising Puritan and the steadfast, resolute royalist. Such an alliance might, at the first blush, appear incongruous and improbable; but we shall be able to show that Prynne possessed accomplishments and qualities well calculated to render his society agreeable to any person of ordinary refinement. It is still too much the fashion to suppose that *all* the Puritans of the days of Charles I. and the Commonwealth were coarse and vulgar in their habits, and destitute entirely of taste, wit, and elegance. But such was by no means the fact. Prynne was emphatically a gentleman, by lineage, education, feeling and conduct. He was born near Bath, of an ancient Somersetshire family, about the year 1600, and received the first rudiments of his education in the grammar-school of that city.—Whilst a mere stripling, he was removed to Oriel College, Oxford; and, being intended for the legal profession, he from thence, at the proper time, repaired to Lincoln's Inn. As soon as the necessary period of probation had expired, he was called to the bar; and though his practice was small, he was in such repute for legal learning that he was made, at an early age, first Reader and then Benchet of his inn. At this time he became immersed in controversial divinity. For all abstruse investigations he had undoubtedly a natural inclination, and such studies were then the fashion of the age. Theological zeal, however, soon brought Prynne into

difficulties; and it did so in rather a novel and unexpected manner.

In the year 1632, he published his famous book, called *Histrio-Mystæ: or, a Scurge for Stage-Players*. This work, which was written in an exceedingly angry and vehement tone, comprised not merely a general censure of all theatrical representations, but also denunciations of every diversion then in vogue. It exhibited in every page the "cry-aloud-and-spare-not" spirit of genuine Puritanism. Christmas decorations, bonfires, and may-poles, were regarded by the enthusiast with the same holy horror as the comedies of Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakspeare. That the works of glorious Ben should be printed on better paper than many Bibles, appeared a sore grievance to Prynne;—almost as bad, in fact, as dressing up a house with holly and ivy on the day on which Christians commemorate the Saviour's nativity. Dancing was, in his eyes, the devil's profession. "The woman that singeth in the dance," he said, is the prioress of the devil, and those that answer are clerks, and the beholders are the parishioners, and the music are bells, and the fiddlers are the minstrels of the devil." Even hunting, hawking, and out-door amusements came in for a share of reprobation. The *Histrio-Mystæ* was, in fact, a faithful picture of the gloomy side of Puritanism, and a bold exposition of its most unpalatable doctrines. To give power to such principles, and to render such strange notions popular, it was only necessary to invest the author of the work with the honors of martyrdom.

In the persecution of Prynne, the advisers of King Charles I. displayed, as usual, little discretion or moderation. On the 7th February, 1633, he was brought to the Star-Chamber,—that odious and much-dreaded tribunal,—and an information was exhibited against him by Mr. Attorney-General Noy, for the publication of libellous and seditious matter contained in the above-mentioned work. Archbishop Laud is said to have been the author and abettor of these proceedings. He had taken the book to the king, and pointed out some of the most offensive passages, upon which his majesty thought fit to direct a prosecution. The gravest charge against Prynne was that, in his condemnation of all "women actors," he reflected upon the queen herself, who had acted a part in a pastoral at Somerset-house. This circumstance was adverted to in the Information: but the answer to the charge was—and one would have thought that it should have proved satisfactory—that the book was published six weeks before the queen's acting.—Nevertheless the fact was relied on, throughout the whole proceedings, as cogent evidence of the disloyalty and malignity of the accused. As for the attack on stage-plays and players in general, it required some ingenuity on the part of the crown lawyers to make this out an offence against the laws of England. It was urged by Prynne in his book, that stage-players were rogues by act of parliament. To this the Attorney-General replied, they were not rogues unless they wandered or went abroad—a species of argument which it requires the mind of a special pleader to appreciate. True it was that the book contained re-

ferences to many other matters than theatrical performances. "He falleth upon those things," said Noy, "that have no relation to stage-plays: music, music in the church, dancing, New-Year's gifts, whether witchery or not. Witchery, church ceremonies, etc., indistinctly he falleth upon them; then upon altars, images, hair of men and women, bishops and bonfires; cards and tables do offend him, and perques do fall within the compass of his theme." But, however offensive these puritanical criticisms might be, it was difficult for the acute Attorney-General himself to torture them into so many seditious libels.—With some justice, however, he complained of the violence of Prynne's language. "The terms which he useth," said Noy, "are such as he finds among the oyster-women in Billingsgate:" an observation which shows that the use of strong language, in the metropolitan fish-market, is sanctioned by the practice of more than two centuries.

On the part of Prynne it was contended that the prosecuted work was, for the most part a justifiable censure of the licentiousness of the stage; and his counsel, Mr. Atkyns, afterwards a judge of the Common-Pleas, concluded an able appeal on his behalf with the following quaint remarks:—

"I have long known him in a society of Inns of Court, where he has lived; and for his ordinary discourses (except the matters in this book), they have not been factions or seditious. But now he is before your lordships, truly, for my part, I compare him to the astronomer, who fixed his eyes so much upon the stars that he did not look to his feet, but fell into a ditch; for his eyes were so fixed upon this subject, upon the common resort to stage-plays, and the great abuse that comes by them, that he forgot to look down to his hand that guided his pen."*

As it was the invariable practice of the court of Star-Chamber that conviction should follow accusation, all arguments and appeals on Prynne's behalf were thrown away. On the fourth day of the inquiry, the lords proceeded severally to pronounce judgment and to pass sentence. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Cottington) first spoke, and passed a sentence characterized by extreme severity, which was concurred in by the majority of the court. He, in the first place, adjudged the book to be burnt by the common hangman—a proceeding hitherto unknown in England, and intended to throw peculiar odium on the author. As for Prynne himself, he was to be disbarred, and declared incapable of hereafter practising in his profession; to be expelled from the society of Lincoln's Inn and from the University of Oxford (at which part of the sentence Laud, who was present, observed in a low tone, "I am sorry Oxford ever bred such an evil member"); to stand twice in the pillory in two places, in Westminster and Cheapside, with a paper on his head declaring his offence; and to lose both his ears, one in each place; and, finally, to pay a fine of £5000, and be imprisoned for life.

This sentence would seem to exhaust the degrading severities of the penal code; but one

* State Trials, vol. iii. p. 571.

member of the court was for going even further in respect to personal torture. The Earl of Dorset, who was generally considered the most moderate of the Star-Chamber council, recommended with great gusto a little further mutilation of the bold Puritan.

"Now, for corporal punishment, my lords," he broke in, "whether I should burn him in the forehead or slit him in the nose He that was guilty of murder was marked in a place where he might be seen, as Cain was. I should be loth he should escape with his ears; for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them; or force his conscience to make us of his unlovely love-locks on both sides; therefore I would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropt too." The sentence was however ultimately executed, on the 7th and 10th May following, without Lord Dorset's ingenious additions.

As far as the interests of the government were concerned, nothing could be more impolitic than these harsh proceedings. Such of the Puritan or Presbyterian party as had been hitherto inclined to moderation, began now to look upon resistance to the monarch and his advisers as a measure of self-defence. The persecution of Prynne was considered a direct attack upon liberty of conscience. Moreover plain persons of all stations and opinions were puzzled by the apparently anomalous character of the prosecution—directed, as it was, against the assailant of notorious immorality. It was said that my lord of Canterbury, in order the more effectually to exterminate godly Protestantism, had entered into an alliance with Belial, and had taken the stage-players under his protection. Was it consistent, in a serious divine, to champion the loose principles of the theatre? In what other light could Prynne's trial be regarded, than as part of a deep-laid conspiracy against the sober and pious portion of the nation? Was it the duty of the King's Attorney-General to screen profligacy and punish plain-speaking? Such were the questions asked on all sides by those who witnessed the Puritan's sufferings. Instead of being an object of contempt or derision, the author of *Histrio-Mastix* was elevated into a martyr, and became the object of general sympathy.

After undergoing the most degrading part of his cruel sentence, Prynne was imprisoned in the Tower, where he appears to have been permitted the use of writing materials without let or hindrance. This proved to him, alas! a dangerous privilege. Instead of being deterred by his grievous sufferings from again engaging in political and polemical controversy, those sufferings only stimulated him to more daring efforts in what the Puritans called "the good cause." His was not a nature to be conquered or softened by severity. "The more I am beaten down, the more I am lift up," was his motto. Rather than refrain from the open expression of his opinions—captive as he was—he was ready to undergo fresh tortures and degradation—nay, even death itself. Thus it happened that three years of his imprisonment had not passed away before he again fell under the censure of the

Star-Chamber, for writing and publishing a pamphlet called *News from Ipswich*, reflecting severely on the Bishop of Norwich and Archbishop Laud.

This time he was not the sole culprit. Dr. John Bastwick, a physician, and Mr. Henry Burton, a learned divine, were joined with him in the same information; all three being charged with writing and publishing schismatical and libellous books against the hierarchy. To this Information answers were prepared by the defendants; but these answers contained matter of such a character that no counsel could be found bold enough to sign them; and the consequence was that the charge was taken *pro confesso*. Against this injustice the defendants loudly exclaimed, when they were brought before the lords of the Star-Chamber to receive sentence. Prynne's second appearance before this court is thus recorded in the *State Trials*:—

"Jan 14 (1637). The lords being set in their places in the Star-Chamber, and the three defendants brought to the bar to receive their sentences, the Lord Chief-Justice Finch, looking earnestly on Mr. Prynne, said, 'I had thought Mr. Prynne had no ears, but methinks he hath ears;' which caused many of the lords to take a stricter view of him, and for their better satisfaction the usher of the court was commanded to turn up his hair and show his ears: upon the sight whereof the lords were displeased they had been formerly no more cut off, and cast out some disgraceful words of him. To which Mr. Prynne replied, 'My lords, there is never a one of your honors but would be sorry to have your ears as mine are.'

"*L. Keeper*. In good faith, he is somewhat saucy.

"*Mr. Prynne*. I hope your honors will not be offended. Pray God give you ears to hear."

All the prisoners displayed upon this occasion the same undaunted demeanor. Dr. Bastwick said, in concluding his address to the court, "But if all this will not prevail with your honors to peruse my books and hear my answer read, which here I tender upon the word and oath of a soldier, a gentleman, a scholar, and a physician, I will clothe them (as I said before) in Roman buff, and disperse them throughout the Christian world, that future generations may see the innocency of this cause, and your honors' unjust proceedings in it: all which I will do, though it cost me my life." Mr. Burton exclaimed that rather than desert his cause he would desert his body, and deliver it up to their lordships, to do with it what they would. So stern and unsparring was the language of these intrepid men, that the court at length considered it expedient to command silence, and proceeded to pass sentence. They were then all three condemned to lose their ears in the Palace-yard at Westminster, to be fined £5000 each, and to perpetual imprisonment in three remote places in the kingdom, namely, the castles of Carnarvon, Cornwall and Lancaster. Prynne was in addition condemned to be branded in the cheek with the letters S. and L., as a seditious libeller. The proceedings ended with a long speech from Archbishop Laud, who forebore to take any part in the sentence "be-

cause the business had some reflection on himself."

On the day fixed for the execution of their sentences, the bold Puritans were brought into the Palace-yard, where they all made long speeches before delivering themselves into the hands of the hangman. Prynne was the first to suffer, and he endured without flinching the touch of the hot iron, and the deprivation of the portion of his ears which had escaped on the occasion of his former mutilation. An eye-witness thus describes his demeanor:—" 'Christian people,' he said, 'I beseech you all stand firm and be zealous for the cause of God and his true religion, to the shedding of your dearest blood, otherwise you will bring yourselves and all your posterities into perpetual bondage and slavery.' Now the executioner being come to sear him and cut off his ears, Mr. Prynne spake these words to him: 'Come, friend, come burn me—cut me, I fear not. I have learned to fear the fire of hell, and not what man can do unto me: come, sear me, sear me, I shall bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus:' which the executioner performed with extraordinary severity, heating the iron twice to burn one cheek; and cut one of his ears so close, that he cut off a piece of his cheek." It is said that Archbishop Laud, having been informed by his spies of Prynne's language in Palace-yard, moved the lords then sitting in the Star-Chamber, "that he might be gagged, and have some further censure presently executed upon him; but that motion did not succeed." *

Branded and mutilated, but not cast down in spirit, Prynne was conveyed to the Castle of Carnarvon, which had been designated as the place of his captivity. Here he was the object of general interest and compassion. Sympathizing friends flocked around the castle from all parts of the country, craving permission to see him, and speak to him words of comfort. When this was reported in London, it was determined to remove him, together with his fellow-sufferers, to some still remoter corner of the kingdom; and accordingly, by warrants which were afterwards declared illegal, Dr. Bastwick was removed to the Isle of Scilly, Mr. Burton to Guernsey, and Prynne to the Island of Jersey.

Upon his arrival in Jersey, "after fourteen weeks' voyage in the winter season, through dangerous and stormy seas, in a bruised, shipwrecked vessel," and with papists for fellow-passengers (which he appears to have regarded as a great aggravation of his sufferings), Prynne was delivered into the custody of Sir P. Carteret. His appearance must at once have excited the compassion of his jailer. Pale and sick, and clothed in mean apparel, he still retained, in spite of suffering and mutilation, the dignified bearing of the scholar and the gentleman. If Sir Philip's heart was touched at the spectacle which his high-minded captive presented, that of his noble lady's was no less so. Dame Carteret did not neglect the first and noblest duty of her sex—that of administering consolation and assistance to the wounded, the desolate and oppressed;

remembering perchance those grand and gracious words, "I was in prison, and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me;" and, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

During the three years that Prynne remained "shut up close prisoner in Mont Orgueil pile," he received, as we have already stated, every indulgence which Sir Philip Carteret could consistently with his duty bestow on him. He might have been left alone in his cold, dark, narrow cell, day after day, and week after week, with no other sound to break the stillness of his prison-room than the dull, monotonous roar of the ocean. Instead of this he received words of kindness and deeds of charity, the memory of which was most precious to him throughout the remainder of his life. It is most creditable to him that he took the earliest opportunity of acknowledging and of evincing his gratitude for the kindnesses for which he was so much a debtor. Times were about to change. The nation was on the eve of a great revolution. The oppressed were to become oppressors in their turn; haughty peers and prelates were to give place to the despised Puritan; and the branded and earless captive was, by a freak of fortune, to be turned into the protector of his former jailer.

At the beginning of the Long Parliament, in the year 1641, Dr. Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne forwarded their respective petitions to the legislature, in which were minutely set forth the circumstances attending their trial and conviction, their subsequent sufferings, and illegal imprisonment beyond sea. In Prynne's memorial a grateful allusion was made to the kindness of the Carterets. After mentioning his arrival in Jersey, and his being conveyed close prisoner "in Mont Orgueil Castle there," and the strict orders that had been given for his rigorous treatment, the petitioner concluded his narrative with these words—"So that being deprived of his calling and estate, exiled, and shut up close prisoner among strangers, remote from all his friends, denied all addresses by person or letter, he had certainly perished in his almost three years' close imprisonment, had not the extraordinary providence and goodness of God, which he shall ever adore, and the noble charity of those under whose custody he did remain, furnished him with such diet and necessaries as preserved him both in health and life, in this his close imprisonment and exile." These petitions having been taken into consideration by the House of Commons, the sentence of the Star-Chamber on the three Puritans was solemnly reversed; and, as regards Prynne, he was restored to his degrees in the university, and to the exercise of his profession of an utter barrister-at-law.

It was with no slight pleasure that Sir Philip Carteret received the order for his prisoner's release. How gladly he communicated it; how many grateful words were uttered on one side, and what hearty felicitations on the other, we can well imagine. They parted, and in the course of a short time Prynne was enabled to repay a portion of the heavy debt of gratitude which he owed to the generous royalist.

Released from captivity, the Puritan martyrs

* See Trials, vol. iii. p. 749.

returned home in triumph. Burton and Prynn landed at Southampton together, where, according to Clarendon, they were received with loud acclamation, and liberal presents were made to them. In every town through which they passed on their way to the metropolis there were the same demonstrations of sympathy and respect. Several miles from London they were met by persons of all ranks, some on foot, some on horseback; many of whom had come more than a day's journey. These people formed themselves into a triumphal procession, which had swelled into a dense multitude when they reached Charing Cross. Flowers and fragrant herbs were strewn along the road as they passed, shouts rent the air; and amidst the din and confusion, the most virulent abuse of the bishops was distinctly heard.

Soon after Prynn's return an opportunity occurred to him of rendering a valuable service to Sir P. Cartoret. Sir Philip had in the island certain unscrupulous enemies, who took advantage of the political circumstances of the period, and his temporary absence from the island, to commence an attack upon him. They forwarded in an underhand way, to the principal members of the English Parliament, a series of accusations against him, and an inquiry into his conduct was demanded. The machinations of Sir Philip's enemies were, however, defeated by Prynn, who boldly and openly championed his quondam jailer, regardless altogether of political considerations. His conduct upon this occasion was violently assailed by the Jersey malcontents in a pamphlet called *Pseudo-Mastix*. If Prynn, however, displayed a slight amount of political inconsistency, who will not admire his manliness and generosity of spirit? "I should have manifested myself a monster of ingratitude," he says, "had I not contributed my best assistance to support Sir Philip's innocence, honor, and reputation, against the malicious and injurious accusations and aspersions of his inveterate, backbiting enemies, who endeavored only to defame him, and to oust him of his offices of trust that themselves might step into them." * Sir Philip Cartoret returned victorious to Jersey, and in the civil war that ensued, and which spread to the

Channel Islands, he distinguished himself greatly for his services to the royal cause.

The subsequent fate and fortunes of William Prynn may be told in a few words. His taste for controversy seems to have been sharpened by imprisonment and suffering; and he was persecuted by every dominant party and government during the civil troubles. The Long Parliament imprisoned him for denying, in general terms, the supremacy of Parliament: and when military sway became the order of the day, he was arrested by the army, and ejected from the House of Commons. True to the principle of opposition which actuated him through life, he attacked Cromwell with bitter animosity, and by the Protector he was once more deprived of liberty, and imprisoned first in Dunster Castle, Somersetshire, and afterwards in Pendennis Castle, Cornwall. In 1660 he was returned to Parliament for Bath, and after the Restoration his learning and abilities procured for him the office of Keeper of the Records in the Tower. That he should be again found fishing in troubled waters is somewhat astonishing, but it is nevertheless true, that "his pragmatical temper" once more got him into difficulties before the close of his life. On the last occasion he was luckier than preceding ones, for he escaped with a reprimand from the House of Commons. Perhaps large allowances were made for his vehement and contentious disposition, which had occasioned him so many years of imprisonment, and so much personal suffering. He died at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, in 1669.

Prynn's character is thus drawn by the unfavouring hand of Lord Clarendon. "He was not unlearned," says the historian, "in the profession of the law, as far as learning is acquired by the mere reading of books; but being a person of great industry, had spent more time in reading divinity, and which marred that divinity, in the conversation of factious and hot-headed divines and so, by a mixture of all three, with the rudeness and arrogance of his own nature, had contracted a proud and venomous dislike to the discipline of the Church of England; and so by degrees, as the progress is very natural, an equal irreverence to the government of the State too; both which he vented in several absurd, petulant, and supercilious discourses in print."

* Hoskyn's Charles II. and the Channel Islands, vol. i.

The *Grenada Chronicle* states that a tree has been discovered on the island of St. Martin's, a dependency of Guadeloupe, possessing equally precious virtues with the Peruvian bark. Doctor Amic, the chief medical officer of the colony, receiving information of the existence at St. Martin's of a tree the bitter bark of which possessed the same virtues as the quinquina, set about to procure fragments of the wood, and so soon as he became possessor thereof, he proceeded, in concert with Dr. Chapuis, second medical attendant of the Maritime Hospital of St. Pierre, to make experiments which have been crowned with full

success. Administered in the form of a ptisane, or as tea, to patients suffering under fever the most stubborn, and which had baffled all previous medicaments, the bark of the febrifuge tree of St. Martin quickly effected a cure. Treated as a vegetable alkali by one of the apothecaries of the Maritime Hospital, it yielded a substance which had all the properties of the sulphate of quinine. These facts coming to the knowledge of the governor, soon fixed his attention, and he has sent to St. Martin's Dr. Chapuis and M. Girardias, apothecary to the navy, to study a tree so precious as to raise a competition to the quinquina.

From *The Spectator*, 10 March.

THE CHANGE OF CZARS.

ALEXANDER the Second is reputed to be a "mild" man, and it is assumed by some people that he will be inclined for peace. And what then? The past has taught us little if we rest the question of peace upon the character of any one Russian Emperor. It is true that when a Czar has died in the midst of war, the new Czar declared for peace, as Alexander the First did on the death of Paul. But that Alexander did not prove an angel of peace for Europe; and Nicholas, with peace in his mouth, with disclaimers of ambition equally in 1828, 1844, and 1853, has been the scourge of independent Circassia throughout his reign, and the great crowned breaker of a peace, which the revolutionists of 1848 could not effectually disturb. If Alexander is a mild man, and has not been displaced to make way for his fiery brother Constantine, it is not unlikely that Constantine waives pretensions assigned to him by public opinion, if not by his father, because the policy of his party will be carried out, so that while declining the crown he may virtually wield the sceptre. The whole construction of public offices in Russia, the very foundation of society, imparts to the empire an aggressive constitution. Its peaceful institutions are provisional. St. Petersburg itself has a population which is as it were only in lodgings; a small proportion of females residing there, and the whole town being kept up by the Imperial sanction, not by a rooted population independent of the master will. Trade is driven hither and thither, according to the exigencies or caprices of the Czar, and his designs, political or military; and thus the great guarantee of peace which every nation gives to the world—the development of its own commerce and civilization—is in Russia kept subservient to the military efficiency of its Government. Its colonies, when not penal, are military colonies; its acquisitions of territory are the means of advancing upon further territory; and it is confessed that Turkey herself would be safe to this day if the military settlements in Southern Russia did not supply at once the outposts, the recruits, and the reserves for the armies on the Danube, the Pruth, and the Tchernaya. The Russians have only become identified in Europe as a community with a national name and an imperial government since their aggressive character has been completely established. Pure Slavonians, or the bastards of the Tartars who taught them the policy of conquest, they are unknown upon the territorial map, until they begin their marches upon the territory of others. They are insignificant until the

reign of Peter, who elevated the cruel and insane dynasty of international spoliators. The boundaries of other countries have fluctuated: Holland has possessed more or less of territory, France has changed her frontiers, England possesses immense dependencies; but the heart of each of these states has always been the same. If you were to strip England of all she owns in America, Africa, and Asia, she would be England still. It is not so with Russia; she is what she has despoiled. It is since the house of Romanoff was established on the throne that this encroachment upon her neighbors commenced. It was in the middle of the seventeenth century—just two hundred years ago—that Poland began to give off its provinces to Russia; and since that time, Sweden, Germany, Poland, Turkey, Persia, Tartary, and even the desert to the East, have been surrendering the acquisitions that have made Russia what she is—have brought her next door to the civilization of Europe, and have given her the standing-ground for the last threatening stride upon Constantinople. Throughout the reigns of Peter, Catherine, Paul, and Alexander, this centrifugal march has been going on.

It might almost be said that the progress of Russia was suspended during the reign of Nicholas. It was not that the spirit of spoliation was dead: Georgia and the Caucasus know what Nicholas would do with the sword; and in 1829, Lord Aberdeen pointed to the purpose with which the Czar, pretending only to vindicate justice, advanced towards Constantinople. But the Circassians are not conquered; and the fear of England and Austria arrested Nicholas in 1829,—besides some little infelicity in his own military proceedings. The settlement of 1815 was an obstacle to Nicholas; and, whatever his ambition, his diplomatic cunning, and his power of flattery and lying, he had not the men or the genius to conquer the empires that he coveted. His campaigns were not brilliant, and the great course of Russia was checked during his reign. But does not that thirty years' fact tell us, that even while the aggressive progress of Russia appears to be suspended, it is in spirit going on, and the force to renew the progress is only accumulating? The case would, probably, not be very different if a "mild" Czar were placed in front to make with a greater show of sincerity the same professions that Nicholas has made, while Constantine should work behind with the same materials,—the same officials, the same families, the same Menschikoffs, the same Gortchakoffs, who have officered the armies of aggression throughout the Romanoff dynasty.

The mistake of Nicholas, if he deviated from the councils of his predecessors, was to confess, a day too soon, that Russia *did* nour-

ish those designs upon Constantinople and upon Europe of which he was accused. His recent campaign on the Danube was a confession that it had become a practical question whether Europe should be Russian or should continue European. "Nulla vestigia retrorsum." We have already had an example of what the nations would become in the event of the fate destined for them by Russia. There are some of the territories devoured by that power which had histories until they were submerged. Livonia had her knights; Finland shared the independent history of Sweden; Lithuania bade fair to vie with any of the European states that have since established a power and a fame in Europe; Poland was at one time the bulwark of the Continent against Infidel invasions, and with all her faults she had some worthiness to share the life of the states that have survived her. All now sunk; their history ended. Their volumes close in the great dull volume of semi-barbarous Russia. We learn what states become when they are lost in that waste. Tell us that the Czar may be civilized, and we appeal to the falseness, the low cunning, the imperial ambition, which stamped Nicholas, with all his show of court civilization, to be a barbarian even less intelligently appreciating facts and things than Peter the First of the Imperial tribe of Barrabas. Gipsies, Red men, and Czars, appear to be incapable of acquiring the civilization whose dress they may wear. Tell us that the history of Russia is recent—that she may develop to civilization, and an intellect to rival Germany, France, and England; and we point to the wilds of the West, or to the extreme South of Asia, where American settlers and Australian colonists have caused great communities to burst upon the desert, instinct with all the life and development of the oldest states in Europe. They have a history, a great history, with a more than geometrical progression of vitality. Russia also, we are told, has her colonies instinct with life: but where are the evidences? where are the books from Tobolsk? where is "the democracy of Siberia?" It is no answer to say that Russia is not the Czar—that there is a distinction between the country

and the sovereign: Russia, at least passively, sanctions the Czar in acting for her, and states outside the boundary can only recognize her by the voice in which she permits herself to speak. More than one promising nation has been submerged never to reappear; and Europe, it would seem, has nothing instead of these lost nations. The same cannot be said of any other government whatsoever since civilization was supposed to be a permanent fact in the world.

The choice for Europe, then, appears to lie between continued advancement in civilization, or submersion under the encroachments of Russia. We may comfort ourselves with the idea that such a submersion is impossible—can never be. With such assurances, probably, clever and wealthy men of Greece comforted themselves; with such the Romans under the Empire disdained the threats of Gothic invasion; the Saracens looked down upon the Franks,—assurances which we on this side of the middle ages and of the Pyrenees can now estimate. The choice is quite distinct enough to be a motive of decided and steadfast action. If we do not establish an effective resistance now, we cannot hope to do it so easily at a later day. No wall of Trajan, no colony of Romans on the Danube, no buying off of barbarian tribes, will save us from the final invasion. We must not only stop the invaders, but deprive them of the power of progress, of the desire to advance. Russia will keep within her own bounds, if at every advance she is made to lose more than she endeavors to snatch. She tried to lay her left hand upon Constantinople, and the loss of Sebastopol, if not of the Crimea, will teach her the lesson that should be taught to robbers. If she cannot become civilized and merge herself in Europe, possibly she may be made to disgorge hereafter the nations that she has devoured, and restore them to civilization and history. It is possible to enforce that lesson upon her,—unless, indeed, sunk in the effeminate pride of ultra-civilization, we are prepared to be fatalists like the Romans of the Lower Empire, and to consent that Europe should be Russian.

THE LAST DAYS OF MR. HUME.—The "Montrose Review" publishes a letter from the son of Mr. Hume, communicating the particulars of the death of his father. The following is an extract: "After four weeks' confinement to the house, and four or five days' confinement to bed, he expired from simple general decay, the last forty-eight hours having been spent in an almost unbroken slumber; and the system, generally, having ceased to work so gradually and so gently, that not

even in death did the eyes unclose. "Thank God! I have neither ache, nor pain, nor any kind of uneasiness; only the machine is wearing out," were not only his very words, but the purport of almost everything he said about himself from the time he became conscious his end was approaching; so that I have the pleasure of saying that, as his life was active and honorable, so also his death was painless and peaceful in an eminent degree."

From the Examiner, 10 March.

THE DEATH OF THE CZAR.

THERE is no need to look beyond natural causes for the death of Nicholas; and for his character, is it not written in the relief of Europe when he ceased to breathe? He had reached the period fatal to his race, and in the conflict he had rashly provoked his strength failed him. The last news that reached his deathbed was the defeat at Eupatoria; and amid this and other mortifying presages of diminished glory and power, he sank into the grave. It remains to be seen if the system of which he was the foremost supporter, and to which he is the latest victim, will be able to survive him. This at any rate is certain, that he did not perish until his personal predominance in Europe had been irrecoverably shaken. We have much to retrieve in the calamities of this war, but we owe to it that advantage.

Such had been the course of accidents and events in the reign of Nicholas that to vulgar minds his power was beginning to assume an aspect little short of preternatural. With the waves of human progress on all sides foaming and dashing around him, he appeared to stand solitary and immovable. The ordinary agitations of politics had no place in the system he represented. An incarnation of the principles of quite another age, to talk to him of a people or of constitutions seemed impiety rather than imprudence. He had inherited the designs with the mystical pretensions of his race, and what with his brother Alexander took often a humane and more often an absurd form, with him was exclusively a means of personal power and aggrandizement. An object of idolatry to his ignorant people, he had well nigh attracted a similar kind of worship from the rest of the world. Alternately terrified and cajoled by him, the German sovereigns fell completely into his power. Ready to punish them for a disrespectful word, as in the case of Radowitz, or to serve them by timely help, as in that of the Hungarians, they trembled at the mere apprehension of his power as ignorantly as they exulted in the display of it. The protector of the house of Hapsburg, he held the fortunes of the minor states at his disposal, and it was thought a heresy, in 1848 and 1849, to breathe a syllable against the moderation of his acts, or the rectitude of his intentions. Even with the diplomatists and statesmen of the West, we grieve to say, it became a common habit to approach him in language of a half-slavish respect and subservience; and Sir Hamilton Seymour has not scrupled to say, since his return from St. Petersburg, that such was the delusive atmosphere of flattery and obsequiousness in which at last he lived, and to which everything

around him contributed, that it was no wonder he should lose all clear judgment of his own rights and the rights of other nations.

Not the less would it be an act of injustice of which we should at no time less wish to be guilty than at present, if we denied that this Emperor, falsely idolized as he was, possessed really some rare qualities adapting him for the station he filled. A frame which seemed insensible to fatigue, and a mind of nearly equal vigor, enabled him to support the labor of not merely reigning over, but of governing, his almost boundless dominions; and to the mighty, however mischievous, task of maintaining strict military order throughout his empire, and of devising and maturing designs for extending its limits, he devoted his life. He did not belong to the effeminate race of monarchs who during the greater part of his reign occupied the thrones of Europe.—Though his love of pleasure may have rendered the court of St. Petersburg more utterly profligate than even in the days of his grandmother, yet licentiousness was not permitted to infringe on public decency or to interfere with public business. His country had the first claim upon his time, his thoughts, and his actions. He committed many crimes, but none merely selfish. Under whatever mistaken views of policy and duty, those crimes would seem to have been committed for the sake less of himself than of his people.

His exertions for the maintenance of internal "order" had their due effect. Life and property during his reign have been generally secure, for all who consented to abjure their right to entertain a political opinion. Nor, whatever the harshness of the condition, was this a slight advantage. The subjects of a neighboring country advancing greater pretensions to civilization than Russia, quite innocent of a political opinion, have on many occasions been recklessly punished with those who were guilty of that unpardonable crime. The Jacquerie of Hungary during the visitation of cholera is supposed to have been covertly, and that of Galicia in 1846 was beyond all question openly, favored by the government of Austria. Similar movements in Russia at that fearful period were suppressed instantly by the iron hand of Nicholas. He had no need to evoke the horrors of a servile war to maintain his authority even in a conquered province.

But whilst Nicholas possessed the energy and determination indispensable for one who is born the uncontrolled master of millions, there are few sovereigns named in history of whose private character fewer aimable traits have been recorded. If, like William the Conqueror, he was so stern that no man ever saw him smile, it cannot be said of the Russian, as of the Norman, even that "he loved

the tall deer as if he had been their father." If Nicholas had an attachment for anything, it remains to be discovered. Some generous actions are not unjustly attributed to Paul, his father, madman as he was; but Nicholas disdained even that display of clemency which in mere policy the wise ruler will occasionally affect, even to the disappointment of his desire for vengeance. Seldom, indeed, have sovereigns been known to aggravate a punishment imposed by a judicial tribunal. It is the attribute of royalty to temper the rigor of the law, never to aggravate its severity. Yet in a well-known instance, when the relatives of a state prisoner condemned to Siberia presented a petition for mitigation of his punishment to the Emperor, the answer of Nicholas was, "Let him go on foot." Incredible cruelty was thus added to the sentence upon one who had been reared, like the young Prince Sangusko, in opulence and luxury.

The wonderful diplomatic machinery of Russia owes probably but little to the genius of Nicholas. He found it already at its present state of perfection, and it served him at every step of his career. The success which attended the efforts of Russian agents, principally by means of the German press, to cast a veil over the harsher features of his character, as well as over the hostile designs meditated by his government against the tranquillity of Europe, afford convincing proof of their admirable skill. The indignation of the English Cabinet had been aroused by the war of 1828 and 1829 against Turkey, terminating in the Treaty of Adrianople; and Lord Aberdeen, though on terms of personal friendship with the Czar, had pointed out, in the strong and just language of the elaborate despatch lately published, not only the perilous consequences involved in that "disastrous" treaty, but the gross want of good faith displayed by the Russian Government in extorting it, after a solemn disclaimer of all designs of territorial aggrandizement. Yet, notwithstanding the impression then produced, and notwithstanding the cruelties of the Czar in Poland after the war of 1830 and 1831, when children of tender age, under pretext of their being orphans and unprovided for, were torn by thousands from their mothers, and sent to colonize the interior of Siberia, or perish miserably on the journey — still the "moderation and mildness of the Czar" were words repeated so perseveringly and judiciously in the German papers, where no contradiction was possible, that at last they produced their effect. The classes among ourselves brought most into contact with Russian diplomatists, soon began to adopt the same tone. Even English journals, themselves deceived, unconsciously deceived others, and helped to propagate the same delusion. As for the journals of America, we do not suppose any one doubts

that the most vulgar means of purchasing support, in the press of that country, were openly and unblushingly resorted to, and accordingly nowhere had the Czar more fervent admirers and advocates.

Such was the state of opinion as to Nicholas when the revolutions of 1848 broke out; and we can all remember the shout of admiration that arose as soon as his indisposition to enter the lists either against the socialists and democrats of Paris, or against the debaters and agitators of Frankfort, became apparent. Not for a moment did the worshippers of Russian moderation reflect that those communists and republicans of France and Germany were in fact doing neither more nor less than the work of Nicholas himself. They were, at one and the same time, pulling down existing governments, and declaring opinions incompatible with any other forms of government in the place of those overthrown. "The West is tumbling to pieces," — *l'occident s'écroule*, had long been a favorite opinion in Russia, the democrats were everywhere doing their best to show that it was well founded, and the Czar was lauded to the skies for quietly and complacently looking on. In one country only did he interfere, and in that no revolution had occurred. He interfered in Hungary, not to put down anarchy, but to destroy a constitution eight centuries old. It was great gain for him that Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and Struve should pursue their course unmolested; but it was greater still that one Bathiyani should be sent to die in the fosse at Buda, and another in exile at Paris. He assisted Austria in "crushing," to use the words of Lord Palmerston, "her own right arm," and rendering it powerless to bar his future progress to Constantinople. Nevertheless the cry still greeted him of praise for his moderation, his temper, his sagacity, his services to order and peace.

Great is the advantage to all the world that this bubble at least should, before his death, have been broken. If the fulness of all his glory and ascendancy and supposed moderation had attended Nicholas to his deathbed, the heritage left to his successor might have proved indeed dangerous to Europe. But the dream has been somewhat rudely interrupted which every Czar since Peter the Great had cherished, and at the very time when all things pointed to its fulfilment. In his person, as we have shown, the throne was occupied by a man of daring equal to his ambition, as capable of forming a design as crafty in concealing it, and all whose thoughts and efforts had been directed to one great purpose during a long and prosperous reign. His army, his navy, his defences, all left by his brother in a comparatively disorganized state, he had brought to high efficiency. He had reduced the German States to vassalage. He believed the estrange-

ment of England from France, to which he so actively contributed under the reign of the house of Orleans, not likely to suffer diminution from the policy of a Bonaparte. He selected a time when he thought this country the only Power left him to dread, and his first act flung all his advantages away. He had put faith in the assertion of Mr. Bright that "the British Lion was dying." He was rudely undeceived, and he lived to see even that very German Diet, that contemptible collection of German princes which had made him its Deity and Providence, fall from him as a broken reed.

The issue was foretold in this journal six years ago, when as yet all tongues were praising him for his services to order and good government. So manifest, nevertheless, had his design become on the final submission of the Hungarians, that it was thus remarked upon by us in the summer of 1849:—

What the Autocrat wants is clear enough. It is a quarrel by hook or by crook with Turkey; but that Turkey will be defended against aggression it is impossible to doubt. Common prudence as well as justice enlists France and England in support of her against the arms of Russia, if to arms the Czar should dare to have resource.

We have always deprecated war; we have been reproached with being the pusillanimous advocates of peace at any price; but great as, in our view, would be the calamity of a general war in Europe, it would be preferable to the infamy and the long train of perilous consequences which would follow the abandonment of Turkey to the gripe of Russia in this most iniquitous quarrel. That France and England combined would so far overmatch the power of Russia as to bring a war to a successful close, there can be no reasonable doubt. Austria would probably be the unwilling ally of Russia, but Austria would have enough to do, and more than she could do, with Hungary again in arms, and Italy again in revolt. Russia, too, would have work on her hands at home;

and her nobles, already malcontent, would have their discontents bitterly aggravated by the injury their estates would suffer from the loss of the English markets for their produce. Still, though the inability of Russia to cope with such a combination as justice and European policy would form against her may be considered as certain, yet no one can pretend to assign distinct and definite bounds to war once rekindled in the present state of Europe. Fervently do we trust to be spared the experiment.

Whether or not that experiment might have been spared us, we need not now discuss. The impostor at last stood unmasked, and we "drifted" into war. He is removed from the scene while all is yet undecided; but whatever may remain to do, much has already been done, towards dispelling the gross illusion which made Russia the bugbear of the world. Her aggressive power has never existed in her own resources but in the weakness and disunion of other nations, and the utmost craft and daring of the most unscrupulous of her sovereigns has ended in an alliance against her which no man thought possible ten years ago.

Upon the influence which the death of Nicholas is likely to have upon the war, we abstain at present from remarking. No one can fail to see that, however pacifically disposed, Alexander will have a difficult and dangerous part to play, with a brother at the head of the inflamed war party. Supposing him peaceful, for mere self-preservation he will have to pretend to more warlike counsels than he entertains; he must affect, as already is evident from his manifesto on his accession, the language held by his father; and the pretence will be quite as inconvenient to deal with as the reality. But who in the present state of affairs, saving only and always Mr. Bright, can really think a patched-up peace a thing to be desired?

BATTLE OF STONE FERRY.

One of the best pictures in the collection is Mr. M'Ian's *Battle of Stone Ferry*. With a little more power of conveying variety of expression, this excellent work would have taken a higher standing. Of no national interest, like West's "Death of Wolfe," it is equally, perhaps more, romantic in the interest of its situation. It represents a small detachment of Fraser's Highlanders, who during the American War defended themselves against two thousand armed insurgents. Only seven out of sixty men escaped to the main body.—the rest, including all the officers, falling like the long haired Spartans at Thermopylae. To a Scotchman such heroism must be dear; and Mr. M'Ian has painted it as if he had just left the field. He has chosen the moment when a driving cloud of white smoke indicates the arrival of the reinforcement, whom the grim, unmoved piper, built up with slain, reets with "Hech, but ye've been long o' comin'."

The few survivors stand on a red, writhing heap of wounded and of dead, their faces still towards the foe,—staunch and at bay, but hedged in with pikes and scythes. In the rear, Indians, ghastly with the war-paint, are stealing round them; a chief, crowned with a crimson crest, drawing an arrow to the head. The white powdered wigs of the slain, stiff and courtly, contrast hideously with the unrestrained passion of the living. The sky, lurid and heavy, lends additional gloom to the scene. The composition of the picture reflects credit on the artist. The dead lie naturally, and the drawing is throughout manful and honest. Mr. M'Ian should try Flodden or the combat of the clans at Perth, subjects equally worthy of his talent and his patriotism. We congratulate him on the skill with which he has treated the color of the plaid, not breaking it into spots and patches, but maintaining its breadth and unity.—*Athenaeum on National Institute.*

From The Times, 24 March.

THE OSTEND CONFERENCE.

THE diplomacy of the United States of America is certainly a very singular profession. It combines with the utmost publicity the habitual pursuit of dishonorable objects by clandestine means, and, while it professes to rest, like all the institutions of the American people, on the maxims of Washington, it descends to practices which Washington would have dealt with as he dealt with those of M. Genet and Major André. For certain purposes, the diplomatic agents of the United States are not ashamed deliberately to conspire, with a view, of course, to their national aggrandizement and their personal advantage. But they conspire publicly; they lay before Congress, and Congress prints for the benefit of mankind, their solemn proofs and declarations that they have conspired, are conspiring, and will conspire; in so much that intentions which would set all Europe in a blaze if they were avowed by a member of the elder family of nations, and which would justify a declaration of war if they were seriously entertained by the American government, are manifested with perfect impunity by the agents and representatives of that government on foreign missions.

There was a time when American diplomacy was regarded as a plain, homespun, wholesome sort of service, which was held up to the imitation of this country by politicians of the school of Mr. Grote or the late Joseph Hume. American ministers were supposed to be wholly removed from the artifices of courts and the subtleties of diplomatic intercourse. Their instructions were to abstain from all those acts of interference which cause nine-tenths of the troubles of mankind—to maintain their own dignity without encroaching on the rights of others, and to rely on the growing strength and prosperity of the American people to secure for them the station they deserved among the states of the world. These simple maxims are, however, very much out of date. The representatives of the government of President Pierce and his immediate predecessors have brought with them to Europe a different assortment of notions, and no later than last autumn a regular conference was held by these gentlemen in one of the towns of Belgium to discuss and determine questions which, if they could be seriously regarded, might threaten the peace of the other hemisphere. This meeting was attended by Mr. Buchanan, the American minister in London, by Mr. Mason from Paris, and by Mr. Soulé from Madrid, and the chief topic under the consideration of these plenipotentiaries was the acquisition of Cuba. The despatch in which they communicated to the cab-

inet of Washington the result of their deliberations was dated from Aix-la-Chapelle, the 18th of October, 1854; and it contains the following extraordinary passage, which appears to us to deserve the utmost publicity, especially as two of the gentlemen who signed it are still accredited to the courts of England and France:—

"After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question, — Does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of our cherished Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we have the power; and this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbor, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.

"Under such circumstances, we ought neither to count the cost nor regard the odds which Spain might enlist against us. We forbear to enter into the question whether the present condition of the island would justify such a measure. We should, however, be recreant to our duty, be unworthy of our gallant forefathers, and commit base treason against our posterity, should we permit Cuba to be Africanized and become a second St. Domingo, with all its attendant horrors to the white race, and suffer the flames to extend to our own neighboring shores, seriously to endanger, or actually to consume, the fair fabric of our Union."

According to this doctrine, it is obvious that no such thing as political right can exist in the world; for the test applied to the condition of a foreign State and the sovereignty of a foreign dependency is not whether the actual possessor is entitled to hold a thing, but whether it suits the convenience of anybody else to take it from him. It is an application of M. Louis Blanc's theory to the rights of nations, when he decreed from the Luxembourg that the wages of mankind ought to be regulated, not by their earnings, but by their wants. If my peace of mind is destroyed because my neighbor overlooks my garden—if my pretensions to success in life are opposed by a successful rival,—or if, in short, anything occurs to infringe upon the golden rule of self, "then, by every law, human and divine," according to these modern interpreters of justice and policy, we are justified in wresting the object of our aversion or our cupidity from its owner, if we have the power. The old definition of justice and the rights of property was "*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non ledas*;" but the modern instance of this ancient saw

is, "Use other men's possessions so as to prevent them from injuring yourself." We really exaggerate nothing; irony and caricature would be out of place. This is the deliberate opinion of the three principal Americans chosen and sent by the Government of Washington to represent its principles and to uphold its character in Europe, and we are bound to suppose that they represent at least some considerable class of opinions in the United States."

If the existence of Cuba as a Spanish colony can in any way affect the internal peace and union of the American Republics,—above all, if the principles of emancipation, of independence, and of human freedom from the bondage of the planter and the scourge of slavery were ever to strike root in that soil, watered as it is with the blood of so many millions of negroes, then, indeed, the duties of these American patriots would become imperative, and they must hasten to impose on the inhabitants of Cuba a yoke far more onerous, as far as the black population is concerned, than that of Catholic and Monarchical Spain. So that the greater the progress of the island, and the more it becomes assimilated to the free West Indian colonies of this country, the greater would be the inducement to these American statesmen to extend their territories by invasion and by conquest. That is precisely the argument by which the Czars of Russia justified their interference in Poland in the last century, and their aggressions on Turkey in our own time—self-interest disguised under the plea of self-defence—imaginary dangers conjured up to palliate real injustice—a wrong to another described as a duty to posterity. These are the old sophisms by which attempts have ever been made to bring the excesses of rapacity and ambition within the code of international morality. They are, in truth, no better than gross and palpable lies; they deceive no one, not even those by whom they are uttered; and we can conceive nothing more worthy of a free people than to repudiate with the indignation they deserve these maxims, which are fatal to the true dignity of the United States, because they are dishonest and untrue. Whatever may be the fate of Cuba, there is no reason that any change in its social condition (if, indeed, any such change is likely to take place) should produce more powerful effects on the United States than the loss of St. Domingo by France, or the emancipation of the blacks of Jamaica by England.

To carry out the detestable principle now

avowed, it would be necessary for the United States to absorb, one by one, the islands which stud the Caribbean Sea, to strip them of the privileges of free men, which we have bestowed on their black inhabitants, and to reduce them once more to be an archipelago of slaves. Do the American diplomatists who hold this language suppose that the internal peace and existence of their justly cherished Union are to be bought at such a price? They are strangely mistaken. The conflict with Spain which their designs on Cuba must occasion, the coolness with France and England to which it would give rise, the horrible scenes which must take place in the island itself before the black population could be reduced to absolute and passive obedience to the American laws, are not the greatest perils which this policy would call into life. Far from being a cause of union and strength to the people of America, we are satisfied that a war begun for so atrocious an object, defended by such arguments as these, and tending to such fatal results, would be opposed by no inconsiderable part of the States. The freemen of America would ask how long they are to endure the opprobrium and participate in the guilt of the slave-owners and slave States, whose simplest notions of morality and duty are tainted by the institution under which they live; the hardy States of the North would not send down their forces to rivet fetters on the slaves of Cuba, and to place in the Senate of the Union the representatives of another slaveholding community; and the reaction would extend with alarming violence against the interests of the slave owners in the South. By the nature of things, that conflict would be fought out not on the soil of Cuba—the battle must be lost or won in the heart of the United States.

We trust, that in spite of the extravagant conduct of many of the diplomatic agents named by Mr. Pierce, their power is limited and their influence on the decline. The late Congress has terminated its labors and its existence, and another Assembly, elected under a new order of opinions, has succeeded to it. The members of this body are untainted men, and the principles of what is termed the "Know-Nothing party" have not yet been seen in action; but, so far as we are acquainted with them, we prefer them to the schemes of those demagogues who sought to supply their own internal weakness by foreign agitation; and we are not without hopes that the good sense of the nation may continue to hold in check the folly and violence of its rulers.

From The Economist, 10 March.

THE EFFECT OF THE CZAR'S DEATH.

THE death of Nicholas in this crisis of affairs is beyond doubt an event of the greatest moment. But it is of consequence that we should not exaggerate the influence it is likely to exert on the prospects of peace or war, nor mistake the direction and nature of that influence. Our great enemy is dead; but our cause is not therefore won; nor is it at all less important that we should win it.

There can be no question, we think, that, up to a certain point, the removal of Nicholas is of good augury both to those who are anxious for peace and to those who look for the success of the Allies in war. It has occurred just at the critical moment when negotiations are about to open in Vienna, and when active operations are about to recommence in the Crimea. Let us consider, first, how it is likely to affect the progress of hostilities, and then how far and in what manner it is likely to operate in bringing about a termination of this unhappy contest. Our own impression is, that it will prove wholly favorable to our arms, but not so favorable as is supposed to the success of our diplomacy.

Its first operation will be to startle, discourage, and dismay the Russian forces at Sebastopol. They looked upon the Czar with a sort of superstitious reverence. He was feared, he was venerated, he was to a certain extent loved. The army had vast confidence in his genius, in his strong will, in his pervading vigilance. They did not conceive it possible that their great Emperor and Idol could be worsted if he really put forth his strength. Something of this confidence, no doubt, was felt in him as the Czar, the Head of the Church as well as of the nation. But much, if not most of it was due to his personal character, his known vigor, his long success, his commanding presence. Only a small portion of it, therefore, can be transferred to his successor. And his successor is little known personally to the army; and where known, is known only as an amiable but not very energetic man. There is great probability, therefore, that the sudden death of Nicholas may be regarded by the army as a sort of declaration of Heaven against them—for the Russians are very prone to superstition; and if the allied forces seize the favorable moment and attack their enemy while the panic is still fresh upon them, it may be worth a reinforcement of 50,000 men.

But the death of Nicholas will not only dishearten the Russian armies: it will seriously impair the power of the Russian Empire.—That State had vast resources; but the effects producible by these depended entirely upon the energy of the arm that wielded them.—

The more thorough the despotism, the more will necessarily depend upon the personal character of the despot. Now, Nicholas was both a vigorous, a watchful, and a severe ruler. The relentless sternness with which he punished wherever he could detect, spread a wholesome terror through all classes, and kept in check, though it could not subdue, that corruption, speculation, and systematic deception which is the universal sin of Russian officials, whether civil or military, and which, far beyond any other cause, wastes the resources and paralyzes the energies of that colossal Power. Such is the habitual and pervading jobbery and robbery in all ranks both of the army and the State, that nothing but dread of the knout or of Siberia kept it within bounds. The knowledge that an acute, vigorous, and merciless chief has been replaced by a mild and easy-tempered one, will, we doubt not, give an instantaneous and incalculable spring to all the corrupt habits of the Empire. The bonds of discipline will be relaxed. The difference between the numerical force of armies on paper and armies in the field will again increase. The food, the arms, the clothing of the troops will again be bartered away by their colonels, their contractors, and their commissaries for private gain; and all those causes which have made Russian armies so far less formidable in reality than in appearance will resume unlicensed sway. The difference between Russia wielded by Nicholas and by Alexander will probably be as great as that between the French troops with Napoleon or with Massena at their head.

Then, the late Emperor was unquestionably a man of very superior powers of mind, if not of a commanding genius, and capable not only to govern but to conquer; to combine, to arrange, to control; to win campaigns as well as battles; to form and conduct systems of policy as well as detached operations. There is no reason to believe that the new Emperor inherits any large portion of his father's talent; he is sensible, well-informed, and well-meaning, and has the blessing of a wise and admirable wife. He may make a good administrator and a beneficial and judicious sovereign; there is no reason to suppose that he will be either an energetic general or a powerful despot. As far, therefore, as military matters are concerned, we think the death of Nicholas will prove "a heavy blow and a great discouragement" to Russia.

It can scarcely fail, also, materially to diminish Russian influence in Germany and in the Northern Courts. Nicholas exercised an almost unresisted sway over the minor German Courts, and one not much less decided over Sweden and Denmark; but it was an influence fully more personal than dynastic.

They dreaded and revered him as the incarnation of sovereign will. They looked up to him with hope and reliance as the great stay of arbitrary power, and the avowed and irreconcilable enemy of constitutional liberty in any shape. But it was on Nicholas, rather than on the Czar of Russia, that they leaned and trusted: their reliance was less on the known principles of Muscovite policy than on the strong hand and determined opinions of one man, who had succeeded in impressing them with an overwhelming sense of his genius and his power. They were insolent and oppressive when backed by the audacious and arrogant despotism of Nicholas: they will probably become timid and temporizing when they have only the milder temper and less prompt sympathies of Alexander to rely on.

In the conduct of Prussia, too, we may look for a considerable change. The control which a strong mind ever exercises over a weak one will be removed. Frederick William has lost both his master and sustainer. With the death of the Empress (whenever it follows) another tie which governed his policy will be broken. He is said to be attached to his nephew Alexander; but this bond will be far weaker than that which has so long linked him to the fortunes of his sister and his brother-in-law. We do not anticipate that the king of Prussia will all at once become honest, manly, and sincere. He is too feeble, too tortuous, too vacillating, too much given to low and degrading indulgences, for that. But at least he will be more free to act, and more timid and feeble to oppose, than he has hitherto been. He has lost half his importance since he lost the mind which directed him; and he will probably now fall under other influence. The Russia party at the Berlin Court, too, must have been greatly shaken by this sudden catastrophe.

Is this event favorable to the prospects of peace? At first sight it would seem as if it were. It may make the Emperor of Austria disposed for more prompt and immediate action. It may decide the king of Prussia to join the Western Powers so honestly and unmistakably as to array against Russia a combination of forces so overwhelming that there would be no chance of resisting and no dishonor in yielding. It is well understood also that there are two parties in Russia,—the old fanatical Muscovite party, which is clamorous for a continuance of the war, and on which the late Emperor leaned,—and the more enlightened or German party, which sees the mistake committed, and would be glad of peace on reasonable terms. To this party the present Emperor inclines, and to it most of the statesmen of the Empire belong—especially Nesselrode, Orloff, and Woronzow. We fully believe, therefore, that Alexander is disposed to negotiate, and really anxious to come to terms; and the fact that his father had

ostensibly and avowedly accepted the bases proposed by the Allies, will make his path comparatively easy.

On the other hand, much had been done by Nicholas to arouse the fanaticism of the people of the Empire, and to persuade them that their Church was in danger; there is still a powerful body of nobles zealous for war and conquest; and Constantine, the second son of Nicholas, is at their head, vehement and passionate, unwilling to concede a single point, and already, it is rumored, well-enough disposed to dispute his elder and gentler brother's title to the Crown. Under these circumstances it is doubtful how far it may be wise, or even possible, for Alexander to show any earnest wish for peace, or at least to submit to any terms which would seem, or could be represented, as humiliating to his country. His throne may depend upon his keeping in check his better propensities and suppressing his wiser convictions.

The truth is—and here is the real gist of the matter, though so generally overlooked—that the European, enlightened, or German party in Russia, the party, that is, of Orloff, Nesselrode, and Alexander, though they desire peace, do not desire to surrender the original object of the war. They desire peace because they see that “the pear is not ripe.” They blamed Nicholas, not because they deemed him wrong, but because they deemed him *premature*. They differed from him not in his ultimate purpose and design, but in his idea that the time was come, and in the steps he was resolved to take. Let us never lose sight of this fact, for it is the turning point of the whole question. The peace party as much as the war party in Russia—Alexander as much as Constantine—Orloff as much as Menschikoff—the most enlightened statesman as much as the most fanatical serf—look upon Turkey as their destined prey, and Constantinople as their future capital. The gradual absorption, the ultimate conquest, of the Ottoman dominions is the policy not of Nicholas only, but of all Russia—not of one man or one sovereign, but of the whole Empire. This is the permanent, unchanging, universal purpose of the Muscovite nation.

Now, is it with this *PERMANENT* policy we are at war, or is it not? Did we take up arms to say to Russia: “You shall not have Constantinople in 1855,” or “You shall not have Constantinople *ever*?” If the former, there will be no difficulty in making peace, and no reason why we should not make peace at once; for Russia sees that she is baffled for the present, and is quite prepared *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and will probably consent to any terms that do not practically and obviously involve an abandonment of her grand, central, national idea. If the latter, we shall be able to

come to terms with Alexander no easier than with Nicholas, — for neither, till actually and thoroughly beaten, *can* agree to a treaty which will place Turkey out of their reach; which will ostensibly and actually resign the prize which for generations they have kept in view; which will involve an abandonment of the Imperial policy of the last 150 years. "The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots." No Russian sovereign and no Russian statesman can avowedly and indisputably give up the vast plans and line of action traced out by Peter the Great, unless when unmistakably deprived of all power to persist in them. They may concede anything short of this, but this, *never* — unless under severe and irresistible compulsion.

The whole matter will turn upon the interpretation which shall be given to "the cessation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea." If — either by the destruction of Sebastopol and the seizure of the Crimea, or by a limitation of the Russian ships in the Euxine — we insist upon making this "cessation" so real as to place Constantinople out of her

reach, Russia cannot consent yet. If we are content with less than this, we shall retire from the war without having gained the object for which we entered into it — the only object which could have justified us in entering into it — the only object which can repay us for the blood we have shed, for the treasures we have lavished, for the sufferings we have endured, for the damage we have sustained.

The question lies in a nutshell. Can Russia consent to be *incapacitated* from carrying out her traditional and ingrained policy? Can Louis Napoleon afford to make peace after having incurred all the cost, unless he can secure the real objects of the war? Can Great Britain terminate a contest, which has done little but unveil her weak points and her rusty weapons, by a treaty which shall only postpone to a future, and probably less convenient period the unsettled controversy of to-day? With these reflections in our mind we have great doubts even under the altered circumstances, whether Russia can yet accept the only terms which the Allies can offer.

The *Washington Globe* publishes an account of the State collection of American copyright music, registered according to law,—from which a fact or two may be picked out. The collection "is made up of a single specimen of each musical composition which has been issued in the United States for the past third of a century, and consists of one hundred and twenty thick volumes—sixty volumes of songs, and sixty volumes of instrumental music—each volume containing at least three times the quantity of music usually comprehended in volumes of the kind. * * The gradual increase in the annual quantity issued is worthy of remark. The songs from 1819 to 1834 are all comprised in a single volume, while those received in 1853 require seven volumes of nearly the same size. One volume comprises also all the songs for the four years from 1834 to 1838, both included; while in 1840, in 1841, and 1846, two volumes were required; in 1843, 1844, and 1845, three; in 1847, 1848, 1849, and 1851, five; and in 1850 and 1852, six. In 1842 only one volume of songs appears, and during the current year the number will probably reach eight."

The first of the sixty volumes of instrumental music dates no further back than 1835.—Let us return for a moment to the songs. We should be glad to believe that each one of the sixty volumes referred to contained a single specimen of new melody,—without which, for type, germ and basis, there cannot be much creation in music. But we have misgivings. Recent examination of a collection of song-books, purchased in the American cities, and possibly the most ample one of its kind in England, leaves us doubtful as

to the existence in America of much nationality or invention. The ditties gathered are either European, or else are pale, stupid, and characterless. We have found nothing more picturesque than 'Woodman, spare that tree,' which hardly gets beyond our own 'Come where the aspens quiver,'—more pathetic than 'Lucy Neal,' no parallel, we submit, to our own 'Auld Robin Gray,'—more piquant than 'Jim Crow,' the piquancy of which lies in the burden with its gesticulations, and not in the stanzas so piquantly *burdened*. Such a meagre state of national verse could hardly be otherwise than accompanied by a want as entire of national melody,—even supposing that America for the last quarter of a century had possessed a school of composers able to express in music the thoughts which verse engendered.—*Athenæum*.

The courtesies of this strange time almost turn Hood's caricature of civil war into a reality. We last year recorded how the Czar's theatrical agent, General Guedeonoff, recovered damages in the French courts of justice from M. Berton, an actor, who had broken his contract with the theatre in St. Petersburg. We read, a day or two since, that the General has handed over the sum in question to the French Society of Dramatic Authors.—Thither, too, have gone M. Legouvé's damages extorted from Mdlle. Rachel.

The number of Russian deserters now in the Grand Duchy of Posen amounts to more than 30,000.

EVE.—I have but a few words to say of Eve. As she is the only undraped figure which is allowable in sacred art, the sculptors have multiplied representations of her more or less freely unassumed, but what I conceive to be the true type has seldom, very seldom, been attained. The remarks which follow are, however suggestive, not critical. It appears to me—and I speak with reverence—that the Miltonic type is not the highest conceivable nor the best fitted for sculptural treatment. Milton has evidently lavished all his power on this fairest of created beings; but he makes her too nymph-like—too goddess-like. In one place he compares her to a wood-nymph. Oread or Dryad of the groves; in another to Diana's self, "though not, as she, with bow and quiver armed." The scriptural conception of our first parent is not like this; it is ampler, grander, nobler far. I fancy her the sublime ideal of maternity. It may be said that this idea of her predestined motherhood should not predominate in the conception of Eve before the Fall, but I think it should. . . . As the Eve of Paradise should be majestically sinless, so after the Fall she should not cover and wail like a disappointed girl. Her infinite fault, her infinite woe, her infinite penitence should have a touch of grandeur. She has paid the inevitable price for that mighty knowledge of good and evil she so coveted, that terrible predestined experience—she has found it, or it has found her—and she wears her crown of grief as erst her crown of innocence.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

SHAKESPEARE INTERPRETATION.

"More than three centuries ago, some time about 1520, Raffaello Sanzio was hard at work painting Madonnas, to delight the eyes and gladden the hearts of the simple worshippers of the modern Cybels. His best were probably painted somewhat later. There was rather a passion in those days for Madonnas; everybody painted Madonnas, but none matched his for intellectuality. Now, it is an undoubted, but a melancholy fact, that the license of those days permitted to patrons, popes and prelates, parish priests and princes, opportunities for exhibiting to the admiring gaze of painters models from whence to draw their inspirations far more pretty than pure,—more correct in their proportions than correct in their morals. It mattered not;—the genius of the painter robbed them in holiness. They were seen and worshipped. Some sixty or seventy years later, when the fame of all these Madonnas has been pretty well bruted about, Shakespeare wrote 'Cymbeline'; and in the fourth act, in alluding to the supposed loss of her husband's affections, Imogen is made to say, that some jay of Italy, so marvellously young and so exquisitely lovely as to be a painting as a Madonna, had betrayed him. Whether Shakespeare wrote Mother or Madonna I cannot determine; but half-a-dozen changes can be rung with either on the little words without depositing sense, sound, or scanning, so as to render the interpretation clear and distinct.—*Athenæum.*

NEW BOOKS.

The Rag-Bag, a collection of Ephemera. By N. Parker Willis; C. Scribner, New York. "The following volume is a selection from the articles written for the *Home Journal*, of which the author is one of the Editors. The change in the taste of the times, literature being more served in small fragments than it used to be, is one inducement to collect these brief compositions into a book; but another reason is the feeling of the author that they deserve it as well as his other writings, in being written with equal care and elaboration; while the approbation which they have met with in the success of the periodical of which they were the leading feature, makes it certain that they will be, at least, salable. Such a collection, however, will have still another volume, as containing photographs of the passing events, celebrities, and topics of the times, and just that look and impress of them which were lost in the bubble-breaking flow of the tide of periodical literature. They are "rags," but they will be useful for a re-glance at the web and woof of the time in which they were written; and like the author trusts they will also be found to contain a scrap or two that the world may be not unwilling to patch into the quilt of its kind remembrance."—*Preface.*

The May Flower, and Miscellaneous Writings; by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. With a portrait of the author. A collection of Essays and stories which we shall read with pleasure. One of them we copied into the Museum, or the Living Age, long ago, before we had ever heard of Mrs. Stowe.

The Massachusetts Register, for the year 1855. George Adams, Boston. This is the 89th annual issue of a work necessary to business men in Massachusetts and elsewhere, and interesting to everybody. There are very full lists of professional men in every part of the State; lists of corporations and public officers; and something about every town in the State.

Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the reign of Her most glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley, author of *Hypatia*, *Alton Locke*, etc., etc. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Monastery and the Mountain Church. A Story book for Children. London: Murray.

A pretty story of the sufferings of the nuns of Port-Royal, related in a truly Christian spirit, and totally free from all sectarian feeling. The touching incidents of the narrative, with its pure sentiments and elevating tendency, peculiarly fit it for youthful readers.—*Press.*